

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

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## ARMY-BLUE:

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY SARAH A. DYER.

Over all the listening prairies,  
Down by blue Potomac's shore—  
From Peacock's sounding surge,  
To Atlantic's sullen roar—  
When the cry, "My children, save me!"  
Fired the souls of strong and true,  
With the watchword, "God and Country!"  
Patriots donned the army-blue.

Oh its color waved and beckoned,  
From His holy arch above,  
And they turned to find it mirrored  
In the eyes of those they love.  
Met its shadows by the streamlet,  
Where they flung themselves to rest,  
When the angel, slow descending,  
Closed the portals of the West.

Then it robed the distant mountains,  
As they marched with reverent tread,  
Through the hills' eternal gorges,  
O'er the torrents' rocky bed,  
Flashed a beauteous, joyous welcome,  
As near the foe they drew:  
While afar and wives and mothers  
Prayed for boys in army-blue.

Then the drum-beats distant thunder;  
And the bugles near at hand;  
While o'er all the cannon-schoo  
Floated up in chorus grand.  
And their eyes grew dim and tender,  
And their souls grew warm and true,  
Till the heart of saint and martyr  
Throbbed beneath the army-blue!

Backward rolled the tide of battle,  
Wave on wave, and peal on peal,  
Flashing sabres madly meeting,  
Muskets din, and clash of steel;  
But a hand, all brave and valiant,  
Sweated the trenches through and through,  
With the night-birds chanting dirges,  
Shrouded and coffin army-blue.

Oh, it brightens southern prisons,  
And along the crowded street  
Crippled form and ghastly visage  
In its tattered folds we meet;  
While our prayer floats ever upward,  
Through the mists and evening dew,  
"Till the stars shall fade and falter,  
God preserve the army-blue!"

## MAUD PRINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Dark, dreary eyes looked out upon the close of a sweet October day—passing in purple fire. The lofty hills caught the gorgeous hues of triple colored clouds, and threw back golden, crimson and purple gleams upon jetty hair and polished forehead. One rounded arm supported a pale cheek, both white and pure as marble, while the form bent slightly expressed in every line and curve of the graceful limbs, the sigh which had just escaped her lips.

"Oh, I am sad."

"And why?"

It was a mental question, put by her own stern self monitor.

"Because life seems to be a failure," was the ready response. "What have I done?—what has it brought me?"

She rose and stood before a mirror. The figure reflected there was tall, slender and graceful. The face—pale as parian—was absolutely regal in its beauty. But the dark hair lying in such glossy folds over the forehead, was threaded with silver, and the eyes deep, wistful—almost pleading in their natural glance. Alone—the weary soul looked through her clear windows unchecked—but the moment another soul came near, the curtains were dropped, and tender and faithful indeed must be the friend who might even catch a glimpse of the light shining through.

"Thirty," she sighed, "and still fair. Yet what has it availed me? I prised my beauty—not for the homage it brought me, but as I prize all things God has created, and thought it a rich gift from His hands, that should win me influence through which to do good, and love that might sweeten my life to happiness. Alas! how all has failed me. This beauty has won me both love and power, but the love brought pain, because noble hearts were pained and despairing—and all my power has not been sufficient to win and hold the love I covet—the crown without which woman's life is a failure. How often I might have been a beloved and honored wife! The chances were not few, but happiness cannot be purchased at the expense of principle, and I never loved but one! That one is blind to my devotion, and daily stains me with blows keener than a two-edged sword. People call me cold. Cold with heart fluttering like a prisoned bird! When every sound of his step for years has sent the hot blood to my cheeks in crimson waves! Thus the world judges its daughters. It seals her lips upon the most sacred of sentiments. She may not breathe one word that can betray



THE AMSTERDAM INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

her; and when she is faithfulness to its rule, and keeps pure her reputation for maidenly pride and delicacy, it turns upon her with no greater reward than the stinging words, 'cold,' 'icy,' 'heartless.' Let her unbend but for a moment to escape this charge, and they sneer 'coquette' and 'trifler.' Ah, Maud," with a sadly dreary smile at the pale face reflected in the mirror, "it is a sorrowful thing to see one's thirtieth anniversary unwept. Life indeed seems a failure. I would it could end."

She cast herself down hopelessly, her face buried in the sofa-pillow, where she lay for a long time motionless.

Some people seem born to adverse fates, and it did seem that the beautiful Maud Prince was one of these unfortunate beings. Beautiful, high-minded, she drew crowds of followers without an effort, but the one to whom she gave her affections, seemed blind to the truth. Womanly principle built up a barrier of reserve between her and her many suitors, which caused the world to charge her with coldness. Many even thought her haughty and disdainful; and when driven to something softer and warmer in manner by these charges, the warm, true heart stung to smarting with their injustice, it was equally unkind.

Thus she had battled through years—her yearning heart sick and weary with fruitless longings which still would not be hushed.

Twilight crept into the room. The slight figure was just dimly outlined against the crimson cushions, when a muffled footfall roused her from her recumbent position, and she rose to meet a familiar visitor, from whose eyes it were well the obscurity hid the humidity of her own, as well as their deep, passionate light.

"All alone, Maud? Well, I am glad. There is no other in the world to whom I can open my heart fully, and I must do it now, or my strength will forsake me. Sit down again. I will sit by you. There, you are ready to listen, are you not?"

"Yes, Horace, go on," in sweet, steady tones that concealed the quick heart-beats stirring her bosom.

"Strange," he murmured, half reflectively yet in sad tones. "What is there in woman that makes her so fascinating and at the same time so perverse? Here I have been idolizing her very image for fifteen years! She knows it; she seems at once tender and pitiful—and yet cruel as the rack! Maud, I am half wild to-night. Sooth me—comfort me, if you can. Weak and foolish as it is, I almost wish I could die!"

He did not see one little hand raised stealthily to brush away a tear, or how the sweet lip quivered. Soon she asked him quietly to tell her what had disturbed him, and he went on passionately.

"I have been rejected finally and positively. I could no longer endure the torturing suspense, and demanded an interview which must set the seal to my fate. I went to her. I reminded her of those past years and her plighted troth when we were both children in years but not in affection. Her mother kept us apart through parental motives, and because I was not a millionaire, forsooth she drove me forth a wanderer! You know how all those weary years have been spent. One or two dragged their slow lengths through Europe. Then I went into the wilds of western forests—clambered among the Rocky Mountains—mangled with the rabble at Pike's Peak, and delved with the gold-diggers in Cali-

fornia mines, I could never forget and never cease to suffer. Through all day and night, Sarah's pale, sweet face, as she stood with her hand in mine for the last time, and promised to remain true to me, seemed to shine like a star, luring me back again after the lapse of years, with a hope of calling her mine.

"I came—again sought her, and was rejected by the relentless mother. Sarah was no longer under authority, but was loving and dutiful, and turned from me in obedience to her will. But for your steady friendship and ready sympathy I must have gone mad in those days. They were too bitter to be borne alone, and of all the world I have found no friend so faithful and changeless as you, Maud.

"Well, you know how I went forth again, the same old round, striving either for forgiveness or patience. Years passed in which I never saw her; but from time to time I heard that she was still unmarried, and hugged the hope and faith in her love to my heart with something like comfort.

"At last they told me her mother was dead! God forgave me for the glad beating of my heart when the tidings came; but long suffering had made me heartless for all others, and bitter toward that one bitter enemy to my happiness. I hastened home, and soon afterward saw her sweet face, still and white, behind its mourning veil. I cannot tell you how I felt, or how I kept away from her side, but I did it. Once again I passed as she was stepping from her carriage, and our eyes met. She paused, and I held forth my hand, into which she laid the little black gloved palm, fluttering like a frightened bird—and I carried it to my lips. There were no words. It was no fitting time or place, so I lifted my hat with profound reverence, and went away; but she knew from that moment I still loved, still hoped and waited for her. Perhaps I was too hasty, and could bear it no longer. Again I sought her, gaining access to her presence with difficulty, and then I could withhold nothing. All the suffering and agony of years came forth in a torrent, and she wept like a child. But not one word of love or hope came from her lips! Only a pitying look—words of sympathy and regret, and a firm, positive rejection. Oh, Maud, I can scarcely believe her human, now! How could she act so strangely—lead me on with hope, and let me drag through years of waiting to such an end! From my boyhood I have looked upon women as embodied angels. To-night they all, save yourself—such little friend—seen embodied demons! Oh, torture!"

He paced the room back and forth with hurried, passionate strides. Maud, with her white, tear-wet face, bedewed by drops of torture beyond his own, sat and listened to his quick breath and the harsh grinding of his teeth as he writhed in his impotent passion. She had no power to help him now. He had met his fate and was struggling with it. When he needed her he would come back to her side, and she would sit and caress him with gentle tones, while he pressed the dagger against her heart. She must do it to sustain her part of friend. Not for a moment did she dare to shrink now—forever was the most critical point in her life, and everything rested upon its issue.

Several minutes passed, and he paused before her. His voice was tremulous and husky when he spoke.

"Maud, I was a brute to rush upon her at

such a time, when all her heart and house are shrouded with the gloom of death. I ought to have waited longer. She dearly loved her mother, and the remembrance of her dislike to me must have affected her decision in this untimely pressing of my suit. Little friend, you are a woman, and know the way to a woman's heart. Go to Sarah and win forgiveness for my folly. Ask her to recall her decision and make me wait as long as she may choose—only to be merciful and give me some hope for coming time. Tell her my life is in her hands—that I cannot live after all these wasted years, without some reward. My little friend, will you do it?"

"Yes, Horace, and at once," in sweet prompt tones as the rose and grasped the bell cord.

"He saw not the pallid lips that spoke the cheerless words, nor the glittering of tears upon her white cheeks which he had wrung one by one from the faithful heart. He only realized that she was by him now, as in years past, ready to comfort and aid him all in her power, and a burst of gratitude bubbled over his lips almost like a sob.

"God bless you, Maud! You are good, and noblest of women. I shall hope now, for she cannot withstand your pleading, though she comes from mine."

"No more than the tears or pallid face did he see the little scornful curve of the quivering lip. Something in his words jarred upon her nature harshly, when he thus yielded his fate into the hands of another where his own love and eloquence should have won. But the next moment a crimson stain was on her forehead. Did she not herself love as madly, as weakly, and yet dare to censure him. His love was open and honorable. He could lay it at the feet of its object, even if rejected, while she must close the doors of her soul upon hers, and set a strong guard of despotism over them.

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"God bless you, Maud

married again, and of that marriage I am the only child. All the strong passions of her nature were concentrated then in an hideous love of myself. I think she loved nothing else on earth, but it did not suffice her when her will was different, and opposed to my inclination. She never ceased in her purpose, even to please me.

"By some strange fatality, Horace came to America while I was yet a little girl. Father still, his home was reposed within sight of our own, and we became acquainted. His uncle and aunt had not known my mother, as there was no danger of recognition. Yet what seems strange to me now, was the stealing of my mother's heart against her son. She told me, when dying, that it was the thought of his being as like his father, who, by his cruelty, excited her hatred. Never once did a look of maternal tenderness leave from her eyes, and I have seen them together in his youth and his manhood. Why she kept us apart so rigidly, is easily understood; why she concealed the truth from me so long, I shall never know."

A little pause, then she went on hurriedly:

"A woman's earnest, undivided love is no light thing. It cannot be cast aside with a breath. I fear now that the effort to change my nature will prove a failure. Dearer than a brother he has been to me, and is still, though I sit in the profession. What is there left for me on earth? Maud, I had no courage to tell him the truth. I thought the blow would kill him, and that a decided rejection on the ground of my mother's prohibition would end it. If I could only have carried this secret down to the grave with me! But you have wrested it from me. Now let me have peace to the end; it will not be for long."

Very tenderly did the stronger woman gather the drooping head to her bosom, dropping soft kisses upon the pale forehead. Tears fell warm and bright upon the shining hair, for all the compassion of a generous soul was roused. A few moments were given to loving words and gentle caressing, then she took leave of the sorrowing sister and went back with her sad story to him whom she found still waiting her beneath the trees of the lawn.

As the carriage stopped, his hand was on the door instantly, and she was almost lifted from it to the gravelled drive. She felt the trembling of his whole frame as he drew her fingers within his arms and led her off through shaded paths, where only little filterings of pale moonlight fell through shimmering leaves.

He found a rustic seat and placed her upon it, standing up before her to hear what she had to tell him. The bitterness of the tale woke her down. With sobs beyond control, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"Ah! I see," he murmured huskily. "You have no words of cheer for me, and your kind heart grieves over my misery. Do not cry, Maud, my dear friend. I am not sure either of us are worthy of such tears as yours."

His tones were no longer husky, but bitter, and brought up her face instantly.

"You wrong her, Horace. It is true that I bring no hope, but you must not condemn her. Good and pure as the angels she is—loving you above all else in the world. Oh! my heart is as sorrowful, I do not know how to find words for this painful story."

"Do not keep me waiting, though. Oh, Maud! take my hand—press yours upon my forehead. See how I suffer—my whole frame is on fire. Tell me quickly, that I may know why she is so cruel. How can she be so, when she loves me?"

"Patience, my friend. I will tell you all."

And she did tell him all, in her own sweet, gentle way, striving to soften the blow, which, in spite of her efforts, stung him. Ere she had finished, his restless feet were still. Like one smitten, he sank down beside her, dropping his face in his hands with a deep groan. She could do no more. All that could be done had already been given. Comfort lay not in her power, though her woman's heart yearned over its suffering love. With wet cheeks and quivering lips, she cast one glance upon the bowed head and stole softly away, leaving him alone with his inutterable sorrow.

That was a sad night for Maud, spent in tears and prayers. The morning brought her a message from Sarah, and in answer to it she hastened away to find the poor girl in a raging fever.

The weeks that followed were full of anxious watching, but all her tender care could not save the object of her solicitude. Day after day the fever raged with fearful violence, and at last they knew that she must die. Then Maud sent for Horace, and he came to his step-sister's dying bed, grave and calm like one who had fought and conquered, but the scars of the conflict marred lip and brow. Weariness and pallor were on the one, deep lines upon the other, and the hair was blanching fast to gray.

"Poor Sarah!" he said, bending to touch the marble forehead with his lips, one little wasted hand between his own. "Poor Sarah! The fires have burned fiercely for you and I, but I trust that our lives have been purified."

"Yes," answered Maud in low tones, for the invalid's eyes were closed, and no answering beam shot from the still blue depths. "And God loveth whom He chasteneth. Having purified her, He is taking her to Himself. I do not think it is sad to die. If I could take her place, I should not shrink from the sight of the mystery. He is unfolding to her gaze."

His eyes were lifted from the serene features of the dying girl to his friend's. They, too, were serene, but the eyes were veiled by drooping lashes. He could not catch her meaning through them, and though he wondered, he remained silent.

It was all over at length. One weary heart rested, and the fair head was laid away under the churchyard sod. From her grave, Horace turned away subdued and worn. Long struggling had made him weak in spite of his will, and he knew that he could not bear to remain in the old place. So he was once more a wanderer—seeking for rest and peace where they are never found—in the busy world.

Four more years were added to Maud's life; they met again. They had touched her only with softening influences. If more silver glittered among the jolly folds of her hair, there was more of divine sweetness in the depths of her beautiful eyes—softer lines about the lovely mouth.

It was evening, a sweet, fragrant evening, like that of long ago, when she had watched the glorious sunset from her window. October mists still seemed to linger over the hills, and as she passed back and forth beneath the tall trees in plumes never, till the twilight deepened and the silver moonbeams again filtered through the changing leaves, a quiet, steady step drew

near her,—a well-remembered voice gave her greeting.

"So you are here, Maud? Do you know I thought I should find you just in this spot, and I came without even going first to the house to inquire. My little friend, here are you?"

"Well," she answered, offering him to clasp both of her hands in his warm palms with cordial presence.

"And happy!"

"Contented, at least," she answered again, laughing.

"Good. I am glad for this much. Yet I what seems strange to me now, was the stealing of my mother's heart against her son. She told me, when dying, that it was the thought of his being as like his father, who, by his cruelty, excited her hatred.

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In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for The Post, as well as for The LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms for some weeks past, is in the offer of a sawing machine on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Club, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to The Post, and twenty to The LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sawing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sawing machine club should be obtained at the regular price of \$2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

In this offer applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up at once. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of Posts, LADY'S FRIENDS, and Sewing MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year opens with the military affairs of the country in an admirable position. At last the light seems to be breaking through the black cloud of war. The rebels have made an obstinate resistance, but the superiority of the Union strength is at length beginning to tell fearfully upon them. Lee still confronts Grant at Richmond—but Thomas is more than a match for Hood, while Sherman seems to have no great army opposed to him.

The attack on Wilmington, N. C., is a failure so far, but the raid in Southwestern Virginia has been very successful, and East Tennessee seems to be relieved again from danger.

With Sherman operating upon Georgia from his base at Savannah, and the rebel army under Hood dwindling away from day to day under the steady onset of Thomas's legions, the rebellion is in a bad way. Lee is rumored to be meditating some desperate stroke—and the rebels must be surprised at any moment to hear of the evacuation of Richmond. And yet to lose Richmond is to lose Virginia. But they must "cut their military coat according to their cloth," and their cloth is becoming every day less and less.

Truly we begin to hope that the end of the rebellion draweth nigh; and that before the opening of another year, we shall witness a restored and regenerated Union.

#### A SERIOUS QUESTION.

We have heretofore considered Henry W. Longfellow a true poet—one worthy to stand in the second, if not the first rank of the world's honored names. But a late statement in the papers leads us to doubt this. It is said that Longfellow really pays a federal tax on \$14,170 of yearly income. Now, who ever heard of a poet with such an income as that? The votaries of Apollo always have found the grazing on Mount Parnassus remarkably poor. The question therefore arises, can one who luxuriates on such clover as Longfellow feeds on, be entitled to the name of a poet? We are afraid not. And yet a great deal might be said on the other side. We commend the question to the numerous debating societies. When they settle it, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

#### HIGH ART.

Madame Salvi, a rope-dancer, recently lost with a sad accident at Burgos, in Spain. She is a devotee of "Apolo" art—and while walking a tight-rope stretched about thirty feet from the ground, "fall with great violence to the ground. Though she received two contusions, she was not seriously hurt, and will soon resume her performances; "soily prompted," one of the Spanish papers writes, by her intense "love of art."

Madame Salvi's devotion to both high and heavy art is now being noticed on this side of the Atlantic, with the world as witness. Here we have a so-called "Southern Confederacy" walking a rope about fifty feet from the ground, with two canines-tails attached to each leg, and doing the first with wonderful agility. Of course, however, a tumbler, and rather more serious contusions than those of Madame Salvi, are merely questions of time.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES FOR PRIMES By JEAN INGERLOW. Five Stories (poems) by this now but already popular author. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Moore. By LOUISA M. ALcott, author of "Hospital Sketches." Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by H. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

#### The Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

White.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE.—This color renders it beautiful to the lovers of Truth, for it is Truth it symbolizes. In the transfiguration of Jesus, He appeared with a face like the sun, and His garments white as snow. The prophets saw the Divinity clothed in a garment white as snow, with hair white, like unto wool. The ancient Persians attached to the principle of light every idea of the beautiful and good, while darkness was evil and disorder. Pythagoras claimed this dualism to have found a place in every system of religion. Light is white—it is goodness—it is Truth, and it is ever at war with darkness. The Greek mythology gives the color white to Jupiter—"Father of gods and men," while Pluto is the god of the dark abode. The Romans adopted the same belief, and on the first day of January, the consul, clothed in a white robe, rode up to the capitol upon a white horse to celebrate the triumph of Jupiter, the god of light, over the spirits of darkness.

At Tibet, as in India and at Java, certain symbolic names are employed with the value of numbers; and the language of colors gives a reason for this mystery. In the Tibetan language *Het-Tsan* signifies, in its proper sense, *white light*, and in its symbolic sense, *moon*, and *sun*, *white* and *black*. And the school-girl near him, his stern features relax something resembling a smile. Perhaps he remembers another pair of blue orbs like those opposite, which once beamed so fondly upon him. Does not some random fancy bring back the thoughts of other days—does he remember the rustic maiden, whose innocent beauty fascinated his youthful heart? Does his memory go back to times when the hopes of youth tinted everything in glowing colors—when he and Annie stood beside the "way-side will," and built their plans for the future? Ah, his heart was less callous then, and he had not yet learned to distrust the world. With a sigh he tries to forget the romance of his life, which once brightened all, before the dark days came, when the temper, gold, stepped in between him and happiness, and he could not resist its siren voice. He could not wed plump Annie, for his rich carpets must not echo to the tread of vulgar, common feet, and Annie was but a simple country girl.

The color white was at first the symbol of divine unity; later, it designated the good principle struggling against the bad; it belonged to Christianity to re-establish the doctrine to its symbol and its primitive purity.

SACRED LANGUAGE.—The priesthood represents the divinity upon earth. In every religion the sovereign pontiff has been distinguished by white clothing—symbol of the uncreated light. Jehovah forbade Aaron to enter the sanctuary with any other color than white. In India *Tchandra* signifies the moon, and has relation to the number one—doubtless because the white light of this heavenly body illuminates the divine wisdom.

The color white was at first the symbol of divine unity; later, it designated the good principle struggling against the bad; it belonged to Christianity to re-establish the doctrine to its symbol and its primitive purity.

Take heed, you selfish worldlings, who for the sake of gold, would barter the noblest passion of the heart—take heed, all that worship at the shrines of wealth, that you fall not into the same error. Reflect—will the glitter of gold soothe a weary heart—will it banish care away? When some brown head which once made your life happy is laid away in silence, will it afford you any consolation to know that you are a man of power and affluence? When the way of your death draws nigh, and the dark waters of Eternity are nearing you, will it avail you anything then?

And now the bell rings, the car stops, and there enters one of those Parishes of society, who has given up what is woman's surest safeguard. With a haggard look on her face, she sits among her more fortunate sisters, the paint upon her cheeks, and her gaudy dress proclaiming only too loudly the rank of the wearer. But we should not judge her. Little do we know the moment when dark temptation came, or the motive which induced her to stray from the path of rectitude. Better take her by the hand, and try by gentle words to point out the way to God, and thereby save one soul from death, instead of looking upon her with scorn.

We must remember that "they shall have judgment without mercy, who show no mercy." A narrow and tortuous path she has chosen, and downward has been her career, but it is not for those around her, weak and sinful as they all are, to judge her. Beside her is a girl, just entering upon womanhood, the dream of her life yet to come, whose Madonna-like face and innocent purity make the poor outcast shrink back.

The contrast is indeed appalling, and more so from the fact that once she was as pure and good as the girl beside her. Near at hand is an old woman, whose term of service in the army of life has almost expired, and who should be waiting for her discharge and final re-enlistment in the noble army above. She still clings to the life that is fast receding from her grasp, and cries for time, a little more time, before she leaves the world. Soon her niche is the wall will be empty, and the places that know her now will know her no more. Judge not too harshly, you ascetic, you misanthrope, who, disgusted with the meanness and hypocrisy of mankind, have left the contest, to view life from another stand-point. Be gentle in your estimate of human character, for you cannot know the secret sorrows and bitter trials of those around you. In God's hands are the rewards and punishments which will be dealt out, and unto each will be given his just need.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, Yet they grind exceeding small; Through with patience stands He waiting, With exactness grinds He all."

■■■■■ Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady, when she married, lost personal identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam." Slip says that thunder-cloud should be substituted for sunbeam in many instances.

■■■■■ The Lockport (N. Y.) Bee announces the death of an eccentric individual named Wm. Colly. He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, valued at \$15,000, to his relatives in England. He kept his spouse in an old bower buried in a cellar. Among the deposit in this private vault were fifty thousand three cent pieces.

■■■■■ A dwarf, the counterpart of Tom Thumb, has just died at Paris, at the age of 92. In his 92d year he was placed in the family of the Duchess of Orleans, and during the revolution was able to render so important services that he received a pension of 3,000 francs a year ever since. Unlike Tom Thumb, he had a burrow of appearing in public, and for nearly fifty years has not left his house.

■■■■■ We like a black eye. We like a blue eye. We don't like a black and blue eye.

#### Thoughts in a City Car.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY MARY SPAED.

The crowded car, heavily laden with human freight, winds its way down the street, the jingling bells heralding its approach. From every nook of society is well-represented. From the haughty matron down to the gay girl, all alike are equal in the railway car. To the east, no lesser man is given; to the west, no humbler position is allotted. World-wide men and women, who from the rising of the sun till the setting, are battling for gold, never dreaming that there is a higher, holier aim in life than the love of gold, are there. In close company, with a ruddy school-boy, a lawyer, going to his dull, dreary office to pass another weary day amid his day and many law books, waiting for the clients that come not. Perhaps as he sits there, his thoughts wander to other places; the picture before him fades into indistinct nothing, and he sees, in fancy, a home-like scene, with wife and children sitting around. The poor sewing-girl on the other side, has her dreams too. She forgets the merciless oppressor, who, day after day, doles out her miserable pittance; she forgets that the roses have long since faded from her cheeks, and that her hands are thin and wasted; she forgets that her lot has been cast amid poverty and starvation, while those around are revelling in luxury and wealth.

But

"A wish that she hardly dares to own,  
For something better than she has known,"

flits across her mind. The haughty, high-born dame of fashion, some favored child of destiny, now sweeps in, and as she surveys the poor sewing-girl, seems to say, "Our paths in life lie very far apart; to you

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3.

## "The Davenport Brothers."

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

Any person witnessing an ordinary conjuring trick for the first time, will probably find himself so blinded by the rapidity of the performance as to be unable to give any explanation of it; it is precisely the same with the spectators of the Davenport's exhibition. But when the tricks of the Davenports or any juggler are watched time after time, and the peculiarities and short-cuts noted, it is then only that a tolerable explanation can be arrived at, if the tricks are not positively seen. The following brief account gives a narrative of the information gained by repeated visits to the Davenports' sessions, a rigid examination of the cabinet, and one or two things really seen.

The performance is divided into two parts totally different in themselves, although the lecturer attached to the Brothers strives his utmost to make them appear alike. The first part is where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by some interested party from among the audience; and the second part where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by themselves, or by spirit, or by "preternatural philosophy." The performance under the last condition is quite unlike the first mentioned. The next point is, that the construction and arrangement of the cabinet should be well understood. If the manifestations were really straightforward, and no difficulty necessary, two doors would be sufficient for this thing, but the peculiar nature of the manifestations require three; if there were no tricks to be found out, these three doors might all fasten from the outside, but the tricks make it convenient to fasten the two outer ones from the inside, and the middle door only on the outside. It will be seen from this that should any trick unfortunately occur, the middle door being opened first from the outside, the party opening the case (generally the lecturer) will then thrust his hand in to open the two side doors from the inside—a convenient design for giving a minute or two for the performers to settle themselves, or for the lecturer to rectify any shortcomings.

Keeping to the cabinet, a mysterious bar runs across the middle, on the level of the Davenports' knees. To a person examining the case before the exhibition began, it would not be at all clear what this bar was for; but in the second part of the performance the Brothers are invariably tied by the legs to it. One might think this was what the bar was inserted for, but it really answers a more useful purpose, viz., to take the part of the bow when the guitar is played, for, he is noted, the guitar is never unstrung, but always performed upon as a violin. This will be fully explained directly.

The cabinet is so made without glue or screws, that it takes to pieces very readily, so that it may be packed up in a box. This is extremely useful to the Brothers, inasmuch as the seats are fastened to the back and front by small tenons, slipping into mortise holes. These holes are shallow of necessity, as the cabinet is so very slight, (made only to exclude the light.) We now come to various holes drilled into the seat, to run the ropes through; by this cunning trick the Brothers can only be bound to the seat, and not to the cabinet, for, on a slight pressure being applied from the inside to the back of the cabinet, the seats are immediately disengaged (this thrust is generally applied by the lecturer when he puts his arms in, as he always does just before he abuts the middle door.) The Brothers can then stand up with the seats bound to them, and move about the case, and then, bound as they are, they pick the instruments up in their mouths, and one shakes the guitar on the bar, (generally with one hand.) This accounts for the imperfection of the music; on the signal being given, the Brothers sit down again, and shuffle the tenons into the mortise holes; of course, the instant the doors are opened the Brothers are found bound hand and foot to the seats, apparently just as they were left; and at the moment the middle door is opened, and the light turned on, out flies the tambourine and bell, propelled by a dexterous jerk from the Brothers' mouths. It will be seen that sealing the knots, filling the Brothers' hands with knot, &c., makes no difference, as the knots are never untied at all during the concert.

The above description principally applies to the first part of the performance. When the Brothers are tied by strangers, it always happens that a considerable time elapses before they are untied, sometimes six or eight minutes; but when they tie themselves, as soon as the seats are out the music begins, for the simple reason that knowing the trick of the tying they can readily disengage a hand to ring the bell or shake the tambourine, or to slip a hand through the opening in the middle door. The lecturer is always very emphatic in saying that, in the pooling the Brothers are bound, they cannot reach the opening; but when the seats can be disengaged and are readily slipped into the mortise holes again, this truism falls to the ground. In the first part, again, six or eight minutes frequently elapse before the hand appears out of the opening; but when they tie themselves, no sooner is the middle door shut (after some haggling with the side doors) than the hand is thrust out; this hand is always the one that is nearest to the back of the case when the Brothers are sitting, and without doubt that is where the artful knot is that can be so readily untied after they have bound themselves. When a workhouse spectator is present, he is instructed on opening the door as suddenly as the case will permit, the guitar does not play—that is too difficult under the circumstances; but the tambourine and bell do, for this simple reason, that when the Brothers are bound, the seat is so placed, that they can only possibly be tied up in a certain manner, and that admits of their stooping as they sit and picking up the two instruments mentioned in their mouths. These they shake about till the rickety door is about to open; and on the instant of the opening they jerk them from their mouths, while the guitar is stationary at the bottom. This instrument is seldom thrown out. When it is, it is thrown from one of the hands nearest the back of the case, that can be readily slipped into a complicated coil of rope. It is never thrown out but on one occasion—that is, after they have tied themselves and understand the knots. It can be observed that when the tambourine is thrown from the right compartment, the lecturer opens the right door *last of the three*, so as to give this Brother a minute more time. These statements have more value than mere speculations or surmises, as they have been positively seen; and by taking a seat so as to get an oblique view of the structure, they can be seen by any other spectator.

Neither is the east trick a feat of extreme difficulty if two or three minutes are given. The Brothers tie themselves, and the ropes are examined. As soon as the doors are shut, the Brothers loosen the knot, stand up and slip all off, including seats, for in this, as in other tricks, there is a great advantage in having two in the cabinet, for if one gets undone first, he soon gets the other out of any difficulty. On one occasion, a gentleman who tied one of the Brothers caught the hand just as it was going back, and held it for three or four minutes, but he could not expose the performer inside, as he could only just reach the opening at a stretch, and could not with his left hand undo the door; besides, he had the Professor hovering uneasily near him all the time.

One word in conclusion, suggesting how the best half of the manifestations could be put an end to. This could be done if some one among the audience would insist on tying the Brothers heads back to the ends of the case, or by tying their mouths effectually up. As the cabinet is at present constructed, however, it is not clear how this could be readily done, and the Professor constantly ignores all suggestions likely to mar the prompt execution of the "manifestations." In the meanwhile the above facts regarding the Brothers may be of some value to the uninformed, gathered as they are from repeated observations of the performers and personal examination of the cabinet.

W. G. S.

## Burning of a Will.

The Delaware Republican says: A few days ago the will of the late Thomas Jamison, who resided near St. George's, was burned under the following singular circumstances. Mr. Jamison, recently deceased, had left his large estate, about a hundred thousand dollars in value, principally to his sons, leaving his daughter, three in number, only six thousand dollars each, coupled with the strange condition that that amount should be forfeited if they married without the consent of the executor, Mr. Thomas J. Craven. The will was drawn by Charles B. Love, Esq., and witnessed by Mr. Eli Biddle. It was read after the burial of Jamison.

A few evenings afterwards the young ladies sent for Mr. Craven, and desired to look at the will. He went there and found a hot fire in the stove, a table opposite, with seats on the side near the stove for the ladies, and on the further side from the stove for himself. One of the ladies stated that she wished to examine some issues, and requested the will to be handed to her. Mr. Craven complied with her request, but suspecting her intention, moved to the opposite side of the table and sat alongside of her.

She examined the will carefully, when he perceived Miss Annie Jamison open the stove door. He at once moved to take hold of the will, suspecting her intention, when his suspicions were allayed by her asking her sister for the poker. Thinking she wished only to put the fire, he felt rather ashamed of his suspicion, when he was handed Harper's Magazine to look at. This for a moment diverted his attention, when in an instant the will was handed to Annie with the leaves all opened, and rammed into the hot stove. Mr. Craven pushed on one side, the light was put out, and the will, before he could interfere, destroyed forever.

The will has not been recorded, but Charles B. Love, Esq., has a copy. The ladies say they would not mind the small amount of money left them, but they do object to one not connected with the family having anything to say in their matrimonial engagements. The case will be heard before the Register, and more than probable come before the Court at New Castle.

**137** A RICH THIEF.—A well known thief in New York is said to be worth \$100,000—profits of stealing.

It is understood that the commission on clerical subscription, in England, has virtually decided that the declaration of "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer" ought to be abolished, and a less binding but uniform subscription established.

The Emperor of Russia has just issued a ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Transcaucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

It is said that a sweet potato put in a hyacinth vase filled with water and placed in the sun, will send out shoots and produce a very graceful vine for a window. The jar must be kept constantly full as the potato absorbs a great deal of water.

A contemporary, noticing a postmaster, says—"If he attends to the mails as he does to the female, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

AN AWFUL WARNING TO EXORTIONATE WOOD SELLERS.—A man went into Rutland, Vt., last week, with a load of wood, for which he asked \$12, and as nobody would purchase it, he sat upon it until he got chilled through, caught a violent cold, and went home and died. Take warning, all ye extortions.

The Cairo Times tells of a young widow woman, only twenty-one years old, and yet the mother of eleven children. She is a suitable woman for these times of war. We trust she will soon have a second husband.

The Boston people are making efforts to have the rations of our soldiers changed, and mackerel furnished once or twice a week in place of pork and beef. By-and-by the whole dietary of the army will probably be arranged on the Yankee plan, religiously observed by every true descendant of the Puritans—boiled salt codfish on Saturday, and pork and beans and brown bread on Sunday, being furnished the soldiers in lieu of the more ungodly articles they now devour.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

At a meeting of the Temperance Society a young man—a noted "buster"—being requested to go forward and sign the pledge, remarked: "Oh, I can't, for I drink like a fish." "But fish," said the gentleman who urged him to sign—"fish never get drunk." To which he replied: "Well, I can't say that I've seen them drunk, but I am certain that I have seen them pretty well corned."

A young lover, even when his love is most prosperous, loses heart.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this bullet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was felled by the weight of the walking-stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good-bye.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been sold, in their second year, to tenth or larger circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Hand-bags, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Etiquette, Music, and other matter interesting to ladies.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## "The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their best of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST will continue to maintain its proud position as

## A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and always weekly its solid and numerous columns of

## CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ETC., ETC., ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

## TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultured and intelligent under its influence—than those of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

## THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL

TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST, and see if you do not a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated Sewing Machines at the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

- Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine \$70.00
- Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine \$55.00
- For twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine \$50.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty copies at the regular price of \$70 a copy, and then by sending on the regular subscription, *Twenty Dollars* in addition, will get a Machine for twenty copies, one year, and *Seventy-Five Dollars*. If she gets thirty subscribers and *Seventy-Five Dollars*, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for *Twenty-Five Dollars*.

The printer will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtainable, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become disintegrated with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be formed by any number of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON's No. 2 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-Five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufacturer in New York, bound, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

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One copy, one year, \$8.50  
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Eight copies, " " 32.00  
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One hundred copies, " " 160.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty copies at the regular price of \$8.50 a copy, and then by sending on the regular subscription, *Twenty Dollars* in addition, will get a Machine for twenty copies, one year, and *Seventy-Five Dollars*. If she gets thirty subscribers and *Seventy-Five Dollars*, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for *Twenty-Five Dollars*.

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As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having but one Club may add other names of any time during the year to the paper. A Club may be sent to different post-offices if desired.

Subscriptions in British North America must remit *Twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to pay the U. S. postage on their papers.

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## DEACON &amp; PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has half-a-dozen virtues to counterbalance them. We love your faults, and fear your faultsless women. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of concealing the defects which she must have, is, of itself, a serious vice.

A Scotch clergyman, whose name is not mentioned, was once cited before an ecclesiastical assembly at Edinburgh, to answer a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter Scott was employed by him to arraign his defense. The principal fact alleged against him was his having inserted in a letter, which was produced, that he considered Pontius Pilate a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the other nine Apostles put together! The case was proved and suspension followed.

Fuseli, the painter, had a great dislike to idle talk and unmeaning conversation. After sitting silent in his own room during the "bald and disjointed chat" of some idle callers in, who were gabbling about the weather, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day." "Dear, Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

Vertot, the historian, had a celebrated siege to describe: the documents he expected did not come; he grew tired, and wrote the history of the siege, half from the little he knew, and his very rotundity offers an insurmountable obstacle to the stories of passion which sweep over and smother these less blessed individuals whose solid contents are more insignificant.

We never see a fat man without regarding him as the most complacent receptacle of all human virtue. Adipose by nature, sublime in diameter and circumference, angry thoughts never disturb the serenity of his fat soul; and when broken open, were found to contain no meat, and the honest Connecticut Yankee was cursed by the Carolina chivalry as a cheat for selling nutmegs without meat, and which they therefore supposed were made of wood. When our troops entered Beaufort, they still found the same prejudice existing against nutmegs and Yankees.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this bullet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was felled by the weight of the walking-stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good-bye.

The Chicago Tribune says Congress is subject to two disorders—grab and gag.

## Treasure Hunting in Rome.

The correspondent of the London Star in Rome writes, on the 2d inst.: "We have our new excitement this week, one which combines, to a remarkable extent, all the elements of the assassination incident. A certain Signor — very recently found in an old manuscript an indication of hidden treasure—a darkly-worded black-letter direction to measure from such a point in such a part of the Colosseum in a given direction, and dig, promising that there the seeker would find a square stone, and, if digging forty palms below that, a covered trench or aqueduct, by following which in the direction of the center of the Colosseum he would find concealed a treasure stated to be about twenty millions of scudi. The reader of middle age manuscripts obtained the Government authorization to dig, on condition of paying half the findings to the Government, and, strange to say, did in the indicated place find the promised stone, and, having now been digging downward many days, has, I hear, really struck, at the mentioned depth of forty palms, the aqueduct, which is now being cleared out in a direction parallel to the longitudinal axis of the Colosseum. They have uncovered one of the subterranean arches of the building—that I could see—but in the darkness of that paltry pit I could see nothing else, save the stony linen shirt-sleeves of the diggers and the boats of mud as they emerged by the slowly-leaking end-hand-windlass, resembling one, by its hideousness, of the labor of piemont, save that it is dirtier work than those wise insects condemned to it.

married again, and of that marriage I am the only child. All the strong passions of her nature were concentrated then in an idealism love of myself. I think she loved nothing else on earth, but it did not soften her when her will was different, and opposed to my inclination. She never ceased in her purpose even to please me.

"By some strange destiny, Maud came to America while I was yet a little lad. Father left, his house not visited within sight of our own, but it did not soften her when her will was different, and opposed to my inclination. She never ceased in her purpose even to please me."

"By some strange destiny, Maud came to America while I was yet a little lad. Father left, his house not visited within sight of our own, and we became estranged. His uncle and aunt had not known my mother, so there was no danger of recognition. Yet what strong scruples it now gave, was the recollection of my mother's heart against her son. She told me, when dying, that it was the thought of his being so like his father, who, by his cruelty, excited her hatred. Never once did a look of maternal tenderness leave her eyes, and I have seen them often since in his youth and his manhood. Why she kept him apart so rigidly, is easily understood; why she concealed the truth from me so long, I shall never know."

A little pause, then she went on hurriedly:

"A woman's earnest, undivided love is no light thing. It cannot be cast aside with a break. I fear now that the effort to change my nature will prove a failure. Dearer than a brother he has been to me, and is still, though I sit in the confession. What is there left for me on earth? Maud, I had no courage to tell him the truth. I thought the blow would kill him, and that a decided rejection on the ground of my mother's prohibition would end it. If I could only have carried this secret down to the grave with me! But you have wrested it from me. Now let me have peace to the end; it will not be for long."

Very tenderly did the stronger woman gather the drooping head to her bosom, dropping soft kisses upon the pale forehead. Tears fell warm and bright upon the shining hair, for all the compassion of a generous soul was roused. A few moments were given to loving words and gentle caressing, then she took leave of the sorrowing sister and went back with her sad story to him whom she found still waiting her beneath the trees of the lawn.

As the carriage stopped, his hand was on the door instantly, and she was almost lifted from it to the gravelled drive. She felt the trembling of his whole frame as he drew her fingers within his arms and led her off through shaded paths, where only little filterings of pale moonlight fell through shimmering leaves.

He found a rustic seat and placed her upon it, standing up before her to hear what she had to tell him. The bitterness of the talk broke her down. With sobs beyond control, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"Ah! I see," he murmured huskily. "You have no words of cheer for me, and your kind heart grieves over my misery. Do not cry, Maud, my dear friend. I am not sure either of us are worthy of such tears as yours."

His tones were no longer husky, but bitter, and brought up her face instantly.

"You wrong her, Horace. It is true that I bring no hope, but you must not condemn her. Good and pure as the angels she is—loving you above all else in the world. Oh! my heart is so sorrowful, I do not know how to find words for this painful story."

"Do not keep me waiting, though. Oh, Maud! take my hand—press yours upon my forehead. See how I suffer—my whole frame is on fire. Tell me quickly, that I may know why she is so cruel. How can she be so, when she loves me?"

"Patience, my friend. I will tell you all."

And she did tell him all, in her own sweet, gentle way, striving to soften the blow, which, in spite of her efforts, stunned him. She had blushed, his restless feet were still. Like one smitten, he sank down beside her, dropping his face in his hands with a deep groan. She could do no more. All that could be done had already been given. Comfort lay not in her power, though her woman's heart yearned over the suffering love. With wet cheeks and quivering lips, she cast one glance upon the bowed head and stole softly away, leaving him alone with his unutterable sorrow.

That was a sad night for Maud, spent in tears and prayers. The morning brought her a message from Sarah, and in answer to it she had turned away to the poor girl in a raging fever.

The weeks that followed were full of anxious watching, but all her tender care could not save the object of her solicitude. Day after day the fever raged with fearful violence, and at last they knew that she must die. Then Maud sent for Horace, and he came to his step-sister's dying bed, grave and calm like one who had fought and conquered, but the scars of the conflict marred lip and brow. Weariness and pallor were on the one, deep lines upon the other, and her hair was blanching fast to gray.

"Poor Sarah!" he said, bending to touch the marble forehead with his lips, one little wasted hand between his own. "Poor Sarah! The fires have burned fiercely for you and I, but I trust that our lives have been purified."

"Yes," answered Maud in low tones, for the invalid's eyes were closed, and no answering beam shot from the still blue depths. "And God loveth whom He chasteneth. Having purified her, He is taking her to Himself. I do not think it is sad to die. If I could take her place, I should not shrink from the sight of the mysterious He is unfolding to her gaze."

His eyes were lifted from the serene features of the dying girl to his friend's. They, too, were serene, but the eyes were veiled by drooping lashes. He could not catch her meaning through them, and though he wondered, he remained silent.

It was all over at length. One weary heart rested, and the fair head was laid away under the churchyard sod. From her grave, Horace turned away subdued and worn. Long struggling had made his weak in spite of his will, and he knew that he could not bear to remain in the old place. So he was once more a wanderer—seeking for rest and peace where they are now found—in the busy world.

Four more years were added to Maud's life as they met again. They had touched her only with softening indifference. If more silver glittered among the joky furls of her hair, there was more of divine sweetness in the depths of her beautiful eyes—softer lines about the lovely mouth.

It was evening, a sweet, fragrant evening, like that of long ago, when she had watched the glimmering sunset from her window. October mists still seemed to linger over the hills, and as she passed back and forth beneath the tall trees in pinewoods, everlast, all the twilight descended and the olive moonbeams again filtered through the changing leaves, a quiet, steady step drew

near her,—a well-remembered voice gave her greeting:

"So you are here, Maud! Do you know I thought I should find you just in this spot, and I came without even going first to the house to inquire. My old friend, how are you?"

"Well," she answered, suffering him to clasp both of her hands in his warm palms with cordial presence.

"And happy?"

"Contented, at least," she answered again, laughing.

"Good. I am glad for this much. Yet I believe I am not altogether pleased either. I was in hopes there might be a lack of something—"

He paused, and she lifted her eyes to his face with a smile, inquiring glance, searching his flushed face till the glow deepened to crimson.

"Oh, Maud," he went on rapidly, "I think I have been very blind and foolish. I might have been happier all those weary years if I had known as I do now what I need. I do know now, and I have come to beg you to take the scattered threads of my life into your hands, and try to weave them into useful fabric. All that is left for me on earth is in your keeping. In these last years I have learned to appreciate you, and if I bring you a shattered life, I also bring an enduring love. You, Maud, do I love you deeply and truly, with a wiser and holier love than that which was up. Will you accept it, Maud? Will you come to my heart and home? Can you love me a little, or what there is left of me? I know I do not deserve it. But I am very lonely, my darling."

The eyes that had searched his face had drooped while he was speaking, and the lashes lay wet upon her cheeks; but the sweet lips smiled a glad, radiant smile, hidden in his bosom as his arms enfolded her in a strong clasp.

"Oh, Maud—wife—darling, there is happiness in the world for me yet," he murmured. "Thank God for this blessing."

And her glad heart responded, "Thank God."

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865

### THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for The Post, as well as for The Lady's Friend, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SAVING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

"Do not keep me waiting, though. Oh, Maud! take my hand—press yours upon my forehead. See how I suffer—my whole frame is on fire. Tell me quickly, that I may know why she is so cruel. How can she be so, when she loves me?"

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### HIGH ART.

Madame Salvi, a soprano, recently lost with a sad accident of Burgos, in Spain. She is a devotee of "High" art—and while walking a tight-rope stretched about thirty feet from the ground, "with a narrow belt around as broad as her legs," fell with great violence to the ground. Though she received two contusions, she was not seriously hurt, and will soon resume her performances; "soothly prompted" one of the Spanish papers states, by her intense "love of art."

Madame Salvi's devotion to both high and heavy art is now being indulged on this side of the Atlantic, with the world as witness. Here we have a so-called "Southern Confederacy" walking a rope about fifty feet from the ground, with two acrobats attached to each leg, and doing the first with wonderful agility. Of course, however, a tumbler, and rather more serious contusions than those of Madame Salvi, are likely questions of time.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES FOR STORIES By JEAN INGELOW. Five Stories (price) by this new and already popular author. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Moore. By LOUISA M. ALcott, author of "Hospital Sketches." Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by H. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

### The Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### White.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE.—This color renders it beautiful to the lovers of Truth, for it is Truth it symbolizes. In the transfiguration of Jesus, He appeared with a face like the sun, and His garments white as snow. The prophets saw the Divinity clothed in a garment white as snow, with hair white, like unto wool. The ancient Persians attached to the principle of light every idea of the beautiful and good, while darkness was evil and disorder. Plutarch claimed this dualism to have found a place in every system of religion. Light is white—it is goodness—it is Truth, and it is ever at war with darkness. The Greek mythology gives the color white to Jupiter—"Father of gods and men," while Pluto is the god of the dark abode. The Romans adopted the same belief, and on the first day of January, the consul, clothed in a white robe, rode up to the capitol upon a white horse to celebrate the triumph of Jupiter, the god of light, over the spirits of darkness.

At Thibet, as in India and at Java, certain symbolic names are employed with the value of numbers; and the language of colors gives a reason for this mystery. In the Tibetan language *Het-Tkor* signifies, in its proper sense white light, and in its symbolic sense, denotes unity. In India *Tchandra* signifies the moon, and has relation to the number one—doubtless because the white light of this heavenly body go back to times when the hopes of youth shone in glowing colors—when he and Annie stood beside the "wayside well," and built their plans for the future? Ah, his heart was less callous then, and he had not yet learned to distrust the world. With a sigh he tries to forget the romance of his life, which once brightened all, before the dark days came, when the temper, gold, stepped in between him and happiness, and he could not resist its siren voice. He could not wed plump Annie, for his rich carpets must not echo to the tread of vulgar, common foot, and Annie was but a simple country girl.

Take heed, you selfish worldlings, who for the sake of gold, would barter the noblest passion of the heart—take heed, all that worship at the shrine of wealth, that you fall not into the same error. Reflect—will the glitter of gold soothe a weary heart—will it banish care away? When some brown head which once made your life happy is laid away in silence, will it afford you any consolation to know that you are a man of power and affluence? When the day of your death draws nigh, and the dark waters of Eternity are nearing you, will it avail you anything then?

And now the bell rings, the car stops, and there enters one of those Parishes of society, who has given up what is woman's surest safeguard. With a broken look on her face, she sits among her more fortunate sisters, the paint upon her cheeks, and her gaudy dress proclaiming only too loudly the rank of the wearer. But we should not judge her. Little do we know the moment when dark temptation came, or the motive which induced her to stray from the path of rectitude. Better take her by the hand, and try by gentle words to point out the way to God, and thereby save one soul from death, instead of looking upon her with scorn. We must remember that "they shall have judgment without mercy, who show no mercy." A narrow and tortuous path she has chosen, and downward has been her career, but it is not for those around her, weak and sinful as they are, to judge her. Beside her is a girl just entering upon womanhood, the dream of her life yet to come, whose Madonna-like face and innocent purity make the poor outcast shrink back.

The contrast is indeed appalling, and more so from the fact that once she was as pure and good as the girl beside her. Near at hand is an old woman, whose term of service in the army of life has almost expired, and who should be waiting for her discharge and final re-enlistment in the noble army above. She still clings to the life that is fast receding from her grasp, and cries for time, a little more time, before she leaves the world. Soon her niche in the wall will be empty, and the places that know her now will forget her no more. Judge not too harshly, you ascetic, you misanthrope, who, disgusted with the meanness and hypocrisy of mankind, have left the contest, to view life from another stand-point. Be gentle in your estimate of human character, for you cannot know the secret sorrows and bitter trials of those around you. In God's hands are the rewards and punishments which will be dealt out, and unto each will be given his just need.

B. Z. R.

See xvi. *Leviticus.*

PROPHETIC LANGUAGE.—In Latin *candidus* signifies white, sincere, happy. The Romans marked their lucky days with chalk, and their unlucky days with charcoal.

In Japan, white also signifies death; and marriage by the Japanese is con-considered as a new existence for woman. She dies to her past life to revive again in her husband. The bed of the betrothed has the pillow placed toward the north, as is the custom for the dead. This ceremony announces to the parents that they are about to lose their daughter. Probably our present custom of clothing brides in white originated with such an idea. We claim white as an emblem of innocence.

It is with this idea that we love to dress infants and children in white, because childhood and purity are synonymous. Searching the pages of history, we come down step by step from ancient to present time with white as the symbol of the two holiest principles of life—Purity and Truth.

—*Paris Letter.*

Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady, when she married, lost personal identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam." Slip says that thunder-cloud should be substituted for sunbeam in many instances.

The Lockport (N. Y.) Bee announces the death of an eccentric individual named Wm. Cully. He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, valued at \$15,000, to his relatives in England. He kept his species in an old boiler buried in a cellar. Among the deposits in this private vault were fifty thousand three cent pieces.

A dwarf, the counterpart of Tom Thumb, has just died at Paris, at the age of 92. In his sixtieth year he was placed in the family of the Dukes of Orleans, and during the revolution was able to render an important service that he has received a pension of 3,000 francs a year ever since. Unlike Tom Thumb, he had a horror of appearing in public, and for nearly fifty years has not left his house.

We like a black eye. We like a black cloth, and we don't like a black and blue one.

### Thoughts in a City Car.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS STATE.

The crowded car, heavily laden with human freight, winds its way down the street, the jingling bells heralding its approach. Inside every nose of society is well represented. From the haughty matron down to the poor little alibi alike are equal in the railway car to the stock, no inferiority is given to; to the poor to bumble position is allotted. Wealthy men and women, who from the rising of the sun till the setting, are bottling for gold, never dreaming that there is a higher, holier aim in life than the love of gold, are there. Is there no compensation with a ruddy-faced boy, a lawyer, going to the bar, a tumbler, a drayman to pass another weary day amid his day and many law books, waiting for the clients that come not? Perhaps as he sits there, his thoughts wander to other places; the picture before him fades into indistinctness, the scene, with wife and children drowsing around. The poor sewing-girl on the other side, her dreams over, she forgets the merciless oppression, who, day after day, doles out her miserable pittance; she forgets that the

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## "The Davenport Brothers."

Now via London "Once a Week."

Any person witnessing an ordinary conjuring trick for the first time, will probably find himself so baffled by the rapidity of the performance as to be unable to give any explanation of it; it is precisely the same with the spectators of the Davenport's exploits. But when the tricks of the Davenports or any jugglers are watched time after time, and the peculiarities and short-comings noted, it is then only that a tolerable explanation can be arrived at, if the tricks are not positively seen. The following brief account gives a narrative of the information gained by repeated visits to the Davenports' scenes, a rigid examination of the cabinet, and one or two things really seen.

The performance is divided into two parts totally different in themselves, although the locator attached to the Brothers strives his utmost to make them appear alike. The first part is where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, and the second part where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by themselves, or by spirits, or by "preternatural philosophy." The performance under the last condition is quite unlike the first mentioned. The next point is, that the construction and arrangement of the cabinet should be well understood. If the manifestations were really straightforward, and no difficulty necessary, two doors would be sufficient for one thing, but the peculiar nature of the manifestations require three; if there were no tricks to be found out, these three doors might all fasten from the outside, but the tricks make it convenient to fasten the two outer ones from the inside, and the middle door only on the outside. It will be seen from this that should any trick unfortunately occur, the middle door being opened first from the outside, the party opening the case (generally the lecturer) will then thrust his hand in to open the two side doors from the inside—a convenient design for giving a minute or two for the performers to settle themselves, or for the lecturer to rectify any short-comings.

Keeping to the cabinet, a mysterious bar runs across the middle, on the level of the Davenports' knees. To a person examining the case before the exhibition began, it would not be at all clear what this bar was for; but in the second part of the performance the Brothers are invariably tied by the legs to it. One might think this was what the bar was inserted for, but it really answers a more useful purpose, viz., to take the part of the bow when the guitar is played, for, he it noted, the guitar is never fingered, but always performed upon as a violin. This will fully explained directly.

The cabinet is so made without glue or screws, that it takes to pieces very readily, so that it may be packed up in a box. This is extremely useful to the Brothers, inasmuch as the seats are fastened to the back and front by small tenons, slipping into mortise holes. These holes are shallow of necessity, as the cabinet is so very slight, (made only to exclude the light.) We now come to various holes drilled into the seat, to run the ropes through; by this cunning trick the Brothers can only be bound to the seats, and not to the cabinet, for, on a slight pressure being applied from the inside to the back of the cabinet, the seats are immediately disengaged (this threat is generally applied by the lecturer when he puts his arms in, as he always does just before he shuts the middle door.) The Brothers can then stand up with the seats bound to them, and move about the case, and then, bound as they are, they pick the instruments up in their hands, and one shaketh the bell or tambourine, while the other scrapes the guitar on the bar, (generally with one hand.) This accounts for the imperfection of the music; on the signal being given, the Brothers sit down again, and shuffle the tenons into the mortise holes; of course, the instant the doors are opened the Brothers are found bound hand and foot to the seats, apparently just as they were left; and at the moment the middle door is opened, and the light turned on, out flies the tambourine and bell, propelled by a dexterous jerk from the Brothers' mouths. It will be seen that sealing the knots, filling the Brothers' hands with flour, &c., makes no difference, as the knots are never untied at all during the concert.

The above description principally applies to the first part of the performance. When the Brothers are tied by strangers, it always happens that a considerable time elapses before they are untied, sometimes six or eight minutes; but when they tie themselves, as soon as the doors are shut the music begins, for the simple reason that knowing the trick of the tying they can readily disengage a hand to ring the bell or shake the tambourine, or to slip a hand through the opening in the middle door. The lecturer is always very emphatic in saying that, in the position the Brothers are bound, they cannot reach the opening; but when the seats can be disengaged and so readily slipped into the mortise holes again, this truism fails to the ground. In the first part, again, six or eight minutes frequently elapse before the hand appears out of the opening; but when they tie themselves, no sooner is the middle door shut (after some haggling with the side doors) than the hand is thrust out; this hand is always the one that is nearest to the back of the case when the Brothers are sitting, and without doubt that is where the artful knot is that can be so readily untied after they have bound themselves. When a troublesome spectator is present, and he insists on opening the door as suddenly as the case will permit, the guitar does not play—that is too difficult under the circumstances; but the tambourine and bell do, for this simple reason, that when the Brothers are bound, the seat is so placed, that they can only possibly be tied up in a certain manner, and that admits of their stooping as they sit and picking up the two instruments mentioned in their mouths. Then they shake about till the rickety door is about to open; and on the instant of the opening they jerk them from their mouths, while the guitar is invariably at the bottom. This instrument is seldom thrown out. When it is, it is thrown from one of the hands nearest the back of the case, that can be readily slipped into a complicated coil of rope. It is never thrown out but on one occasion—that is, after they have tied themselves and understand the knots. It can be observed that when the tambourine is thrown from the right compartment, the lecturer opens the right door the last of the three, so as to give this Brother a minute more time. These movements have more value than mere speculations or surmises, as they have been published now; and by taking a note so as to get an oblique view of the structure, they can be seen by any other spectator.

Neither is the coat trick afeat of extreme difficulty if two or three minutes are given. The Brothers tie themselves, and the ropes are examined. As soon as the doors are shut, the Brothers loosen the seat, stand up and slips all off, including coat, for in this, as in other tricks, there is a great advantage in having two in the cabinet, for if one gets undone first, he soon gets the other out of any difficulty. On one occasion, a gentleman who tied one of the Brothers caught the hand just as it was going back, and held it for three or four minutes, but he could not expose the performer inside, as he could only just reach the opening at a stretch, and could not with his left hand undo the door; besides, he had the Professor hovering unperceived near him all the time.

One word in conclusion, suggesting how the best half of the manifestations could be put an end to. This could be done if some one among the audience would insist on tying the Brothers' heads back to the ends of the case, or by tying their mouths effectually up. As the cabinet is at present constructed, however, it is not clear how this could be readily done, and the Professor constantly ignores all suggestions likely to hasten the prompt execution of the "manifestations." In the meanwhile the above facts regarding the Brothers may be of some value to the uninitiated, gathered as they are from repeated observations of the performers and personal examination of the cabinet.

W. G. S.

## Burning of a Will.

The Delaware Republican says: A few days ago the will of the late Thomas Jamison, who resided near St. George's, was burned under the following singular circumstances. Mr. Jamison, recently deceased, had left his large estate, about a hundred thousand dollars in value, principally to his sons, leaving his daughter, three in number, only six thousand dollars each, coupled with the strange condition that that amount should be forfeited if they married without the consent of the executor. Mr. Thomas J. Craven. The will was drawn by Charles B. Lore, Esq., and witnessed by Mr. Eli Biddle. It was read after the burial of Jamison.

A few evenings afterwards the young ladies sent for Mr. Craven, and desired to look at the will. He went there and found a hot fire in the stove, a table opposite, with seats on the side near the stove for the ladies, and on the farther side from the stove for himself. One of the ladies stated that she wished to examine some items, and requested the will to be handed to her. Mr. Craven complied with her request, but suspecting her intention, moved to the opposite side of the table and sat alongside of her.

He examined the will carefully, when he perceived Miss Annie Jamison open the stove door. He at once moved to take hold of the will, suspecting her intention, when his suspicions were allayed by her asking her sister for the poker. Thinking she wished only to poke the fire, he felt rather ashamed of his suspicion, when he was handed Harper's Magazine to look at. This for a moment diverted his attention, when in an instant the will was handed to Annie with the leaves all opened, and rammed into the hot stove. Mr. Craven pushed on one side, the light was put out, and the will, before he could interfere, destroyed forever.

The will has not been recorded, but Charles B. Lore, Esq., has a copy. The ladies say they would not mind the small amount of money left them, but they do object to one not connected with the family having anything to say in their matrimonial engagements. The case will be heard before the Register, and more than probable come before the Court at New Castle.

**137** A RICH THIEF.—A well known thief in New York is said to be worth \$100,000—profits of stealing.

**138** It is understood that the commission on clerical subscription, in England, has virtually decided that the declaration of "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer" ought to be abolished, and a less binding but uniform subscription established.

**139** The Emperor of Russia has just issued a ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Transcaucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

**140** It is said that a sweet potato put in a hyacinth vase filled with water and placed in the sun, will send out shoots and produce a very graceful vine for a window. The jar must be kept constantly full as the potato absorbs a great deal of water.

**141** A contemporary, noticing a postmaster, says—"If he attends to the mails as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

**142** AN AWFUL WARNING TO EXHORTATIONISTS.—A man went into Rutland, Vt., last week, with a load of wood, for which he paid \$12, and as nobody would purchase it, he sat upon it until he got chilled through, caught a violent cold, and went home and died. Take warning, all ye extortions.

**143** The Cairo Times tells of a young widow woman, only twenty-one years old, and yet the mother of eleven children. She is a suitable woman for these times of war. We trust she will soon have a second husband.

**144** The Boston people are making efforts to have the rations of our soldiers changed, and mackerel furnished once or twice a week in place of pork and beef. By-and-by the whole history of the army will probably be arranged on the Yankees plan, religiously observed by every true descendant of the Puritans—boiled salt codfish on Saturday, and pork and beans and brown bread on Sunday, being furnished the soldiers in lieu of the more ungodly articles they now devour.—N. Y. Adm.

**145** At a meeting of the Temperance Society a young man—a noted "baster"—being requested to go forward and sign the pledge, remarked: "Oh, I can't, for I drink like a fish." But fish," said the gentleman who urged him to sign—"fish never get drunk." To which he replied: "Well, I can't say that I've seen them drunk, but I am certain that I have seen them pretty well earned."

**146** A young lover, even when his love is most prosperous, loves heart.

**147** "I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was flogged by the weight of the walking-stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

**148** It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good-bye.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1845.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which

THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest pictures of Glebe, Cape, Somers, Ham-draws, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS  
OF THE  
Saturday Evening Post,  
FOR 1862.

I.  
Come to the crowning of the King,  
The grandest hour of Time,  
While oceans roar and skies sing,  
And many joyful voices sing;  
While comes that wing, and everything  
To pleasure seems alive,  
Come to the crowning of the King,  
The glorious SIXTY-FIVE!

II.  
Last night we stirr'd the blazing fire,  
When the midnight hour was striking,  
And bade them fill our glasses higher  
With liquor to our liking;  
And while we drank those toasts once more  
Which such sweet hours revive,  
We closed the door on SIXTY-FOUR,  
And welcomed SIXTY-FIVE!

III.  
We did not shout when we hurried out  
The Old Year, grand and hoary,  
For we honored him for what had been,  
And loved him for his glory;  
And we thought of pleasures at an end,  
And joys that come no more,  
And we cried, "God rest our honest friend,  
Departed SIXTY-FOUR!"

IV.  
And then we heard the sweet bells ring,  
The wedding-bells Elysian,  
And saw the fair brides of the year  
Sweep past us, like a vision;  
And then a troop of rosy girls  
Skipped lightly o'er the floor,  
The babes of benediction, born  
In happy SIXTY-FOUR!

V.  
But then, alas! alas! alas!  
We heard the roar of battle,  
And saw, as in a burnish'd glass,  
Brave men, like slaughter'd cattle,  
Wounded and maimed with shot and shell,  
And writhing in their gore—  
Our true, our gallant boys, who fell  
In hapless SIXTY-FOUR!

VI.  
O we pillow our dying darlings well,  
And we damp their shrouds with tears,  
From the child in its spotless innocence  
To the grand sire full of years:  
But down on the Southern battle-plain,  
Who pillows the sick and sore?  
And who weeps over the nameless slain  
That fell in SIXTY-FOUR?

VII.  
Though the door is closed on that old, old year,  
And its face shut out forever—  
With its babes, and its brides, and its slaughter'd dead,  
Shut out—shut out, forever!  
Yet the hopes and joys which died in the Old,  
In the New Year may revive,  
And the hearts which were wounded in SIXTY-FOUR,  
May be healed in SIXTY-FIVE!

VIII.  
Though we cannot call up from the church-yard snows  
The treasures they hold securely—  
Though our hearts are sick for the smile of those  
Who sleep in the Lord—yet surely,  
As out of the cactus, rough with thorns,  
A fair, bright flower may thrive,  
The crisis which were briers in SIXTY-FOUR,  
May be blossoms in SIXTY-FIVE!

IX.  
If fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,  
'Neath the starry flag enlisted,  
Have drop'd in the blaze of the rebel guns,  
And perished unanointed;  
Though homes be drear and hearts be sore,  
To do God's will we strive—  
And the dear ones slaughtered in SIXTY-FOUR  
Are the martyrs of SIXTY-FIVE!

X.  
Then, brothers, a health to the year that's gone,  
And a health to the year to be!  
The young King mounts the vacant throne  
With a smile of victory.  
War at his feet, expiring, lies—  
While the clouds melt in the South—  
And the dove calls up the sunny skies  
With the olive in her mouth.

XI.  
And the dumb have speech—and the eyes, once  
dim,  
Now clearly, brightly see;  
And the fetters fall from many a limb,  
Which ne'er before was free:  
And voices arise from swamp and shore,  
Like the hum of bees in the hive,  
From those who were slaves in SIXTY-FOUR,  
But are freemen in SIXTY-FIVE!

XII.  
Then comes to the crowning of the King,  
The monarch of grace and glory,  
Whose golden fame the bards shall sing,  
Whose name shall be writ in story!  
And bless the Lord we all adore,  
Through whom we live and thrive,  
And pray that the awful scourge of War,  
The vice and wrongs of SIXTY-FOUR,  
May die with its dead, and rise no more  
To haunt us in SIXTY-FIVE!

XIII.  
Nature provides for the distribution of oysters in a very peculiar manner. Oyster spawn is at first light, and is easily carried from the parent oyster by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom, it makes its home, whence it seeks nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

"Mr. Jenkins," said a tradesman, at Sydney, to a recent arrival there, "will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "No, sir; you are mistaken in the man," said Jenkins. "I am not one of the old notaries."

## GIFTS.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world over the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chapter, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to give presents, though very ridiculous to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents: flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty survives all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern consciousness of ordinary nature; they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cockle us; we are children, not pets; she is not fond; everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interplay of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure the flowers give us; what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should sent before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to the primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy some thing, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolic sin-offering, or payment of black-mail.

The law of beneficence is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,  
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing  
take."

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us the sides of earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man, who can receive a gift well.

We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity, and not him. The gift, to be sure, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belies of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is fast usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathise with the beneficiary, than with the anger of my Lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burn, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wished to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that good will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can

seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But recollects certain favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

with the simplicity of character of the inhabitants. They have no despotism within or without; and nothing can exceed the plenitude of the minister's dome, which is a short black cloak reaching a little below the knee, with a ring round the neck; the episcopate, by-the-way, of Puritan in the time of the Civil War.

Though noted for their love of commerce, and one of the wonders of Amsterdam is the bustle of its crowded streets, and the extent of its commercial transaction—the Dutch do not allow their minds to be narrowed by trade and money-making. Like the inhabitants of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other great emporiums of commerce, the people of Amsterdam devote much time to literature and the fine arts, and are the encouragers of many useful societies, the most prominent being the Association for the Promotion of the Public Wealth, which, with its 500 branch societies, and its 12,000 members, extends all over Holland, and has for its object the instruction and the improvement of the condition of the lower classes.

This noble people, to keep up with the spirit of the age, have recently completed, in Amsterdam, the erection of an industrial exhibition building, of which we present our readers with an engraving.

It was on the 7th of September, that, after long conferences had taken place between the founders of the Palace of Industry and the municipality of Amsterdam, the first pile was driven of the two thousand on which the building stands. Unforeseen circumstances retarded the progress of the works until April, 1860, when the first iron pillar was raised, in the presence of the King of the Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange. In November, 1861, they began roofing in the building, which was surmounted by its beautiful dome in October, 1862, and finally crowned by the colossal statue of Victory in September, 1863.

As with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, iron and glass are the only materials used in the construction of the building. Its total length is 126 metres (415 ft.); its breadth, 80 metres (262 ft.); and its entire height to the top of the figure of Victory, 48 metres (160 ft.).

At the four corners of the building, and at the base of the dome, are elegant towers, which add to the beauty of the general effect.

Amsterdam has now the right to consider itself possessed of a Palace of Industry that can stand in honorable rivalry to those of other nations. Its founder, M. Serphati, notwithstanding unparalleled difficulties, was enabled by his activity and perseverance to get it successfully carried out, and a native architect of Amsterdam, M. C. Oudehout, has had the talent to design a masterpiece of architecture, replete at once with grace and majesty.

The Amsterdam Industrial Palace has been constructed with the object of exciting, by permanent exhibitions of home and foreign productions of industry and the fine arts, the emulation of manufacturers, artists, agricultural implement makers, workmen, &c.—an emulation of which Holland stands greatly in need, and which cannot fail to exercise the highest influence on the future prosperity of that country. The building will be also used for fêtes, concerts, flower-shows, &c.

The Exhibition was opened on the 16th of August last with a sort of inaugural festival, that was honored by the presence of Prince Frederic of the Netherlands. It will doubtless have a very beneficial effect upon the commerce and manufactures of Holland.

The Legend of the Bleeding Cave  
AT PENDINE.

In one of the beautiful caverns which perforate the cliffs at Pendine, and form one of the natural defences against the inroads of the blue waters of Carmarthen Bay, the visitor is somewhat startled by finding huge drops of what has all the appearance of clotted blood. Looking upwards he sees the crimson fluid oozing out of the stone roof, sometimes trickling down the side of the cave, sometimes dropping, and bespattering the stones with an ugly stain. Of course there is a legend connected with it, a sad enough one, to and much to the credit of the inhabitants in the days of old. The story runs thus:—

In order to impart to the reader a still more tolerably correct idea of the appearance of Amsterdam, the town abounds, independently of broad canals, fine quays, and wide streets, with long avenues of green trees, and brick-built houses, with red roofs, projecting gables, and forked chimneys, and many of them, from having subsided in their foundations, are seen bowing forwards, or leaning backwards.

The country in the immediate neighborhood is crossed by canals, and filled with windmills. The prospect terminates with the red roofs, towers, and spires of the adjacent towns of Zaan-dam, Utrecht and Haarlem, Alkmaar and Amersfoort.

The Dutch are as celebrated for their benevolence as their industry. There is no town in the world which, in proportion to its population, exhibits such extensive bounty, and has such numerous charitable institutions as Amsterdam. These institutions amount in number to twenty-three. The aged, the infirm, the widow, the orphan, the foundling, the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb—all, in fact, who from affliction, age, or other cause, are incapable of taking care of themselves are most benevolently tended. Twenty thousand of such people daily receive from charity their food and board. Well might Charles II., who during his exile lived long in Amsterdam, have replied to some one who foretold the fall of that city, in case of the attack upon it which was contemplated with his armies by Louis XIV., "No, Providence will preserve Amsterdam, were it only for the great charity it has for its poor."

It is to be expected that such a benevolent people as the Dutch would take care even of their criminal classes. They were the first to place prisons on a good foundation.

The Dutch, who have never been a persecuting people, have tolerated all religions; accordingly, there have always been a number of Jews among them, who have been treated with great respect, and are a very influential body. The great metaphysician and skeptic of the seventeenth century, Spinoza, who was a Jew by birth, was a native of Amsterdam. In this city the Jews now number a tenth part of the population.

It may have been from constant association with and great respect for the Jews, who always sit covered in their synagogues, that the Dutch have acquired the habit, not only in Amsterdam, but all over Holland, of sitting in their churches, while the sermon is being preached, with their hats on or off, indifferently, as though they were the members in the English House of Commons.

The churches in Amsterdam are in keeping

of pity inherent in their innocent hearts, would drop up to her; but, when they heard their mothers talking mysteriously of the "lady," they began to look at her with shy, wondering eyes, and kept far away; gazing hopefully for protection as she walked by; yet in spite of this, the green hill below the cottage garden was the favorite play-ground, and continued so, until one day they all rushed shrieking down, wild and pale with affright, some of the older ones positively affirming that they had seen and heard the devil himself in the cottage garden, and that he was killing the "lady," a fact strongly corroborated by the uncouth and terrible cries that were to be heard preceding from the garden.

It was not difficult in those days to rouse the superstitions of the Welsh, and the country round the school with the children's adventure; the story being proportionately increased, according to the narrator's feelings or passions. So the villagers sent their children to play far away from the cottage, and nothing would have induced the bravest man among them to approach it after night-fall. At length an old man fell ill, and, in his delirium, made sundry raving assertions, that she had seen the "lady" dancing with the witches round the digging on the Beacon Hill, and changing into a black cat, scale the steepest cliffs, and moreover that the old man had sold himself to the devil for the love of the "lady."

The consequences of these wild ravings, working as they did upon minds darkened with superstition and ignorance, were likely to be serious enough; when matters were brought to a crisis: a young, weak-headed girl, frightened by the woman's words, went off in a fit, and thereon denounced the stranger as having bewitched her, for selling him butter with a cross upon it.

This news spread like wildfire, and the credit of every illness, loss, or misfortune that had occurred in the neighborhood during the year, was laid at the stranger's door; the people gathered in crowds, exciting each other by their mutual superstition. They rushed up the green hill to the cottage, mad, infurated mob, threatening for vengeance, and demanding of the old man to come out and heal those he had stricken.

The door, however, resisted their efforts, and they were surging wildly about seeking another entrance, when the owner himself appeared, and, pointing to the trampled flower bed, asked what they meant by it. The answer was a yell of derision and rage; and some of the maddest seized the old man, swearing they would find out whether the devil was his master or no. Up the cliff they scrambled, scarcely knowing what the end was to be, or how the test was to be given, but ere they had gone far a very spirit of hell must have broken loose among them; they pressed round upon the old man; one wrench made a blow at him with a stone and knocked him down; then, like wild beasts at the sight of blood, they grew drunk with it, and literally stoned and beat the hapless old man to atoms, bathing and strewing the cliff with his blood and flesh.

The deed was barely over,—a few were looking pale and shuddering at their guilty hands—when a terrible cry rang up the hill, and immediately after the "lady" was among them.

"My father? my father?" she cried. "What have you done with my poor old father?"

No one answered, but many grew pale, and a shudder ran through the crowd as the girl stooped down, and lifted a mass of grey hair from the blood-stained grass.

"O my God!" she said, in a low, fervent tone, as she turned upon them. "You call yourselves Christians, and this is a Christian land." Then springing upon a projecting rock, she went on. "Listen, murderers, and hear what you have done: the blood that is crying out from the earth for vengeance is my father's; he chose his king, rather than one he called a usurper; he lost all save life in the cause, so died. My husband too was a soldier in the king's army; he was wounded and tried to escape, but they hunted him to worse than death, they drove him mad; and it was to give us a refuge, and to let him die in peace, my father came here. When he was ready for us he signalled across the Channel, and I brought my poor mad husband over the waters in the boat you found upon the beach. The cries of your children heard were those of my husband; but they would have troubled you no more, he died to-day, and is now at the footstool of the great God, and with the poor old man you have murdered, is crying for God's judgments on you. And hear my curse: O Almighty God, curse these men: may they ask for rest and find toll and trouble; may they go forth beggars and branded from the land they have disgraced, driven forth by the spirits of their forefathers; dying may they find mercy neither from man nor from Heaven." As the last words were upon her lips, she threw herself from the rock, down the sheer precipice into the foaming water now raging in a storm, and her last curse actually seemed to rise from the ocean itself.

The crowd shrank away speechless and stricken, not a word was uttered as they crept back to their homes, carrying with them the terrible burthen of the curse.

By next day the ravens and carrion crows had cleared away every trace of the dead of blood from the cliff above; but the earth which had drunk up the red flood would not hide the witness, and in the cave beneath, gave still gives testimony to the murder—the dead man's blood still remaining as a memorial of his fate.

I. D. FENSTER.

**The Married Life of John Wesley.**—When Wesley settled he said: "It would be more useful to marry." He married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote to her: "Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise; be content to be a private insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it—he took his diary and put the most pitiful entry into it I ever met with in a diary:—"Non esse reliqui, non desiri, non revocabi," which may be translated thus:—"I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shall not send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

**A young lady** was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young M. D. in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in

MEMO AND I.  
PAJAMA.  
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY T. F. N.

I.  
We've travelled long life's path together,  
Boss and I.  
And when 'tis sight I know not whether,  
By the bye,  
The morning's sun will rise right o'er us,  
Lighting up the land before us,  
We'll join the angels' chorus,  
Boss and I.

II.

Many years we've walked together,  
Boss and I,  
Through the green and smiling heather,  
'Neath the sky.  
But the heather's gone and faded,  
Years have made it worn and faded,  
By these years we've overpassed,  
Boss and I.

III.

Bright the day's been, since we lowly,  
Boss and I,  
Gave the pledge we keep so holy  
Till we die:  
Hand and hand we're onward going,  
Till our cup of life's overflowing  
Sinks us in the stream unknowning,  
Boss and I.

## THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONKE," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER V.

## KATE'S WAY.

Last in the afternoon of the day following her visit to Houghton, Mrs. Galton put on her hat and went out by herself for a stroll in the grounds.

They were pretty grounds those around Haversham Grange, especially in the early summer days in which this story opens. Not very large but well arranged; the glades and vistas were wonderful, when the size of the place was considered. There was one avenue that gave you utterly erroneous notions respecting the extent of the place, until you discovered that it was folded backwards and forwards, so as to upon itself, and only separated from itself by an insertion of Portugal laurels and laurel-wreaths. This avenue led away to a side-gate that opened upon the high road close to a compact plantation, in which rooks dwelt. It was a turfed avenue—one that was consecrated solely to walking purposes; the approach by which everything on wheels or four legs gained the Grange was straight and broad and open as the day, and not the one affected by Mrs. Galton when she went forth to meet her cousin Harold French.

At an early hour, immediately after luncheon, in fact, she had commenced expecting him; her expectations led her to request her husband to take "Kate out for a ride"; horse-exercising was so good for the little dear." Accordingly the husband and "little dear" went out for an indefinite period, and, having thus killed two birds with one stone, Kate Galton proceeded to make further preparations which seemed good to her, and with which their presence would materially have interfered.

The drawing-room at Haversham Grange was as pretty a room, as perfect a one of the kind, to my mind, as I have ever seen. Indifferently as Kate wielded the brush, she understood many of the secrets of the art she was essaying to practice upon Harold. For example, she knew that all light or all shade was bad in a picture, and could not therefore be good in a room; and she brought this knowledge to bear upon the adornment of her special sanctuary, and the result was good. She would not have her drawing-room all heaviness and crimson velvet, or entirely pale blue and frivolity and glare; but she had a happy admixture of shade and high lights—of the substantial and the elegant—and the admixture was eminently successful.

A considerable portion of the success was due to there being no over-crowding. Everything was clearly outlined, and there were not too many ornaments spotted about to break every line and fatigue every eye, as is too often the case. Kate Galton detected a mob—even of Dresden monsters or Sevres shepherdesses, or reproductions of goddesses in Parian marble. These things were represented, and well represented, but not in sufficient quantity to become wearisome; you had no need to spread a mental chart of Kate Galton's room before entering it, in order to avoid dismay and destruction.

I have said she was a very pretty woman; and that she was so even women who were prettier themselves allowed. A variable beauty here was—she avowed that it was to herself an engaging frankness. It was wonderfully variable when you come to think about it, for the natural brown hair came out in golden gleams of surpassing brightness occasionally, and the fair, almost flaxen eye-brows and lashes grew very brown indeed at times. But they were all due, these marvellous transformations, "to the weather," Kate would tell you; for she had an organization very susceptible to external influences. As she probably knew more about it than any one else, her explanation, though not remarkably lucid, must be accepted in default of a better.

The weather had a great effect on her shortly after her husband's departure this day. It brought a most delicate hue into her cheeks, and shot her hair with that golden glory of which we have spoken. When it had achieved this, Kate disposed herself in an attitude on one of the couches in her drawing-room, and rested there, like another Lady Hamilton, awaiting Harold French.

But the hours passed and Harold French did not appear, and she grew tired of playing Sultana to the inanimate objects in the room—even though an Apollo was among them. In reality she was an active woman; the sofa and languor were little affected by her when she was alone.

So about five o'clock she disturbed the arrangement she had made of swelling pillow and billowing drapery—of one bare arm from which the sleeve had fallen back, and one deliciously shaded foot from which the stocking had discreetly retreated—of carefully dishevelled hair and consequently adjusted half buttonholes of lace; she disturbed this arrangement, and uttered a

graphic incisive denunciation against that of a father who had caused it to have been disarranged so long for worse than nothing.

"That little monkey! if she has whirled Harold into staying, she shall crawl on her hands and knees in silence for it."

Having uttered this analytic censure, Mrs. Galton sat better, and put on her hat and went forth; as has been noted, along the turfed avenue in the hopes of seeing her cousin coming along the highroad and intercepting him at the side-gate.

They had no lime-tree at Haversham; but the want of the fragrant linden was not felt in that avenue; it was so thickly shaded between the trunks of its forest-trees with larch and with hawthorn bushes in their sweetest, earliest bloom.

And if their odor caused the absence of the linden blossoms to pass unremarked, so did the verdure of the lime-tree leave little room for wishing for the linden's lovely green. Of just the same fair hue was, with just the same indescribable air of freshness and grace about them, the color of these leaves brought to her mind a day long passed by, when she, a girl, had listened to Harold French's stories of early hours he had known Unter den Linden in Berlin.

Hours that he had passed there and not alone. But with whom, or whether happily or not, she could never gather, though in these same matters she was much in his confidence in those days. Walking there, some of the old curiosity as to what this man's secret was arose to her mind, and a new one that had relation to Theo Leigh grew more poignant still.

"Fast five," she muttered as she gained the gate and rested her arms upon it; "if he's coming at all he will come soon;" and she looked anxiously along the dusty road that was rendered unpicturesque by reason of its hedges being clipped to the smallest proportions for the furtherance of agriculture.

He came at last. She, still leaning on the gate, hailed him as he was passing, and the trap was stopped and Harold French descended from it to join his cousin. It was a hired trap, ill hung, and it had jolted heavily over the roads, and the horse had been a trial also, for it was slow in pace and by no means sensitive to the whip. Altogether he was rather glad than otherwise to descend and join his cousin at the outlet to the shady odorous avenue.

"You know the way up to the house? Oh, you don't; well, never mind, you cannot miss it; go on and wait in the yard till I see you," he said to the boy who was left out with the trap. "I wish I had come with you yesterday, Kate," he continued as he took Mrs. Galton's hand and placed it on his arm. "I have had a terrible time of it with that horse; he's accustomed to considerate people, who get out to relieve him at every hill and dip, and whenever the road is rocky and he 'pears to flag,' and under sundry other circumstances that make travelling with him unpleasant."

"And it is a long way from Houghton," Mrs. Galton replied sympathetically. Now that she had Harold back with her, she did not desire to travel Houghton-wards again. "I thought I should never have reached home yesterday; going it was different—I had something to look forward to—but coming home—"

She paused, and Harold made no answer. What was there to say to a woman—a pretty woman too—who implied that it was returning to a blank when she came to her home and husband and her child? There was nothing to say—so Harold French said nothing.

"I have been expecting you all the afternoon, Harold," she went on presently; "and the afternoon has seemed so long; it always does when one is expecting an uncertainty."

"What do you mean by expecting an uncertainty?"

"I did not feel sure that you would come. I suppose my heart was very much set upon it, and that made me fear. Harold, you don't know what it is to me to have you here."

"Rather a bore, I should say, if Mrs. Galton were not far too well-bred a woman to suffer any guess to perceive that he bore her."

She laughed.

"Ah! Harold a bore? Well, think that you bore me if you like; perhaps it is as well as you should think so."

"What the mischief she is driving at?" he thought. Then a faint idea of the truth dawned upon him—he was trying to drive Theo Leigh out of his head.

"Woman, thy name is—Kate. You can't resist attempting to be pleasant, even though you're quite pleasant enough without the attempt. Where is Galton? When do you dine?"

"John is on his farm—where else does he care to be? He's particularly entertaining at this present time; his crops are in his mouth morning, noon and night."

"I'm glad to hear you say that you derive entertainment from the discussion of the source of your husband's property; some women are weak enough to affect to despise it," he replied, as gravely as if her speech had been made in all good faith.

"The bullocks were absorbing in the winter, and the pigs will come on in the autumn: you will be glad to hear of my prospects of salvation from stagnation."

She said it in a little piqued tone, and a temporary flush that was of an entirely different shade to the permanent one, dyed her cheeks for a moment. He noticed neither the tone nor the flush, but after a few moments' pause he went on as if she had not spoken.

"For there's nothing more disheartening to a fellow than to find that his wife does not care about his pursuits, whatever they may be."

"Fortunately, John is not so easily disheartened; he has inoculated Bijou with a taste for his hobbies: the little monkey talks quite learnedly on various farm-yard topics."

"Katy's a dear little thing, by Jove! In a few years she will be grown up, and you'll be living your old triumphs over again in your daughter; Kate, you'll have plenty to interest you then."

"I am not quite old enough to take comfort for many things in the thoughts of dowage delights yet, thank you, Harold; and in the meantime, until my daughter is of an age to give me six months' trouble and anxiety perhaps, and then marry and be less to me than ever, you will permit me to remark that my 'lot is not too brilliant,' without giving me a veiled lecture. It's very hard indeed," Mrs. Galton continued, bringing the tears up into her eyes for an instant, and then banishing them abruptly as she reflected on the susceptibility of her ladies, "very hard indeed, that the only one to whom I have dared to speak as I feel since my marriage, should deem me unreasonable, and chill me by cut-and-dried speech."

"I am oppressed with remorse. Though I don't know what I have done; until I feel that I'm in the wrong."

"Get up and down here," Mrs. Galton hastily exclaimed; and then she planted herself on a mound at the base of a tree, and he stretched himself along on the turf at her feet.

"Harold?" she said softly, drawing her head towards him, "nine years ago you ought to have felt remorse."

He took her hand and touched his mouth across its face, very dimpled palm, but he uttered no word of inquiry, or compliment, or reprimand.

"Do you ever think of these days, Harold?"

"Occasionally. They were women mostly pleasant ones: good work your father had them, to be sure."

"Is it only the cook who lives in your memory as an element of the pleasure you derived from your residence with us? Thank you, Harold."

"No, I have a hazy recollection of the wife also, of which he had good store; what else do you want me to say, Kate? You don't want compliments from me; you don't want me to tell you such truths as that you are remembered by me, do you? How the deuce should you be forgotten?"

"They were my happiest days—and I dwell on them far too often for my peace of mind," she said, rising. "Come, Harold, let us go to dinner."

"Then she heaved a sigh, and looked resigned and very pretty.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, as they went on towards the house; and he drew her hand more closely within his arm and pressed it with as much tenderness as he had pressed Thea's but yesterday. "You put strange fancies in my head, my cousin, since more; you make me feel that it is well that I should do as I have resolved, and leave Haversham to-morrow."

She had looked forward to a period of uninterrupted interest and semi-friendly semi-romantic flirtation with him. He was an adept in the art of saying the things she loved to hear, namely, that she was fair and fascinating. Her husband never complimented her on her good looks, on her grace, or her seductive bearing. John was affectionate, generous, trusting, and considerate to her—nothing more. She wanted to inspire grande passion and see some one very miserable,—some one who would be the victim of the first and exhibit the latter in good style. This resolve of Harold's to leave Haversham so soon, was extremely disappointing to her.

"Why go, Harold? You were to stay and go up to town with us; can't you wait for a few days? I shall be quite ready to start in a few days."

"I have other engagements, engagements that I can't avoid—unfortunately."

"But you'll be with us in town?"

"No, Kate, I cannot."

"Oh, Harold, Why? I shall be hideously dull in London with—"

She paused, and Harold made no answer. What was there to say to a woman—a pretty woman too—who implied that it was returning to a blank when she came back into her presence after seeing his guest off. "Did you ever think he cared for anybody?"

"Yes, it was long ago, dear, when I was a mere child, he seemed to admire a fashionable girl whose name was—but what matters? You are not interested in fashionable girls, nor am I any more, (still our Bijou is grown up;) but it passed off."

"Oh, did it?" John Galton replied thoughtfully, and then he took both her slender white hands in his and drew her towards him. "Do you know, for half a minute I thought you meant yourself, Kate. I'm glad you didn't."

"I must be off; I shall only just catch the train. Good-bye, Galton—good-bye, Kate. Don't plot for me."

He whispered the last words as he bent over his cousin's head, and discreet Mrs. Galton answered aloud—

"No, no, John is wrong. I don't venture to suspect you of infatuation, Harold, any more. I made a mistake once. Good-bye."

"What mistake did you ever make about your cousin, Kate?" John Galton asked of his wife when he came back into her presence after seeing his guest off. "Did you ever think he cared for anybody?"

"Yes, it was long ago, dear, when I was a mere child, he seemed to admire a fashionable girl whose name was—but what matters? You are not interested in fashionable girls, nor am I any more, (still our Bijou is grown up;) but it passed off."

"Oh, did it?" John Galton replied thoughtfully, and then he took both her slender white hands in his and drew her towards him. "Do you know, for half a minute I thought you meant yourself, Kate. I'm glad you didn't."

"I must be off; I shall only just catch the train. Good-bye, Galton—good-bye, Kate. Don't plot for me."

She had Harold French's voice out in the garden, and she knew that he had joined her father and mother, who were strolling about in the soft evening air. But she judged him to be her own more especially now, and she could not bear to share him with others, even with them, just yet. So she sat still on the couch upon which he had placed her when he was bidding her adieu, and wondered why he had found her fair, and how this marvel had come to pass.

"She took an immense liking to you, fell in love with your beauty, and your 'way' as she called it. You will be kind to her, won't you?" and then he felt a certain awkwardness when he reflected how indignant Theo would be, if she could but know that he had pleaded to any one to show her kindness.

"Girls of that age are generally bored," Mrs. Galton replied, coolly. "I'll be as civil as the distance will allow."

"She is not a bore." He could not say any more, he dared not trust himself to utter a defense of Theo to his cousin.

"Oh, isn't she? How I shall hate the sight of my tubes and brushes and easel when you are gone, Harold."

"Get Miss Leigh over here and give her some lessons, you're quite capable of doing it."

"I am getting weary of Miss Leigh before I know her. No, Harold, I couldn't deserve the taste you have developed in me by turning it to account in that way. I will be kind to Miss Leigh in a way that a child of a girl will appreciate far more fully. I will ask her here, and invite some good girls to meet and fall in love with her."

The brush trembled in his hand. It was horrible to him to hear Theo spoken about in such a way, and yet what right had he to feel or resent ought on her account?

"Don't make jokes of that sort. You do injustice to your own delicacy as well as Miss Leigh's by the suggestion."

"Do you think Miss Leigh's delicacy would revolt at a good marriage, Harold? Poor fellow!

"How completely your flower of the wilderness has deceived you. Trust me, if I bring her out and give her the chance, I shall have a nice little list of her conquests to forward you in six months."

"Then in God's name don't bring her out. I can't paint any more this morning," he exclaimed, abruptly. He left the room with a darkened brow and an ill-tempered haste, and Mrs. Galton resolved that the chance should be given. They are long, for the mention of it moved Harold more than was becoming in her, "Katy's."

He was to leave the Grange by the three o'clock train; and as he sat at lunch with his host and hostess, John Galton commenced laying an amiable plan for further communion in town.

"I'm sorry you wouldn't wait and go off with us, French. Kate will want you in town, for I'm not much good at knowing where it's best to go."

"Where shall I address you, Harold, when we do go up?" Kate asked.

"The old address."

"The — Club."

"Why never at your lodgings? you must have lodgings in town."

"Because I am apt to change them."

"What part of town are you in now?"

"Belgrave."

"That's sketchy. What street?"

"I have not decided yet. I shall look about to-morrow; to-night, I shall put up at an hotel; so you see that I can give you none other than the club address." Harold said haughtily to John Galton, though it was John Galton's wife

an ungrateful man (who had blessed her with a life that seemed to make her his own), it was no crime and worthy of dying. Then, with her strength unbroken, her soul undimmed by a sense of the wrongs of the world, she went on home, and lived.

"Friends have left, I think," said Leigh, re-entering. Then, round himself, still excited, but still hushed, at the dinner-table.

"I didn't expect you came up to say good-bye," Mrs. Leigh replied; and then felt that her mother was smiling kindly and merrily at her son.

"They won't be made unhappy," the poor child thought; "I'll speak at once."

"What took him away so suddenly, papa? he ought to have said good-bye to us, we have been so kind."

These thoughts of that perturbed him, and those few words which had passed between them the previous night, as she spoke, and her smile faded with the remembrance, and her poor young heart seemed as though it would burst with the sense of the indignity that had been put upon it. But still she spoke clearly; and she was rewarded for the effort the boy made by seeing the anxious look pass from her mother's face.

"We shall miss him very much. I wonder whether he will ever come back, or if we shall ever see him again." Mrs. Leigh said, trembly. The mother was kind to the departed stranger, but the time in which they were spoken told of the hope which she felt on the subject.

"Ever see him again?" Yet, it had come to this, that it was more than improbable that she would ever see him again—this man who had won from and given to her such signs of love as she could never exhibit to another. His kiss was burning on her lips still; her heart had not ceased those quickened bounding pulsations to which his own had responded when he clasped her to his breast last night! He had not marked upon her, and she could never again see she had been before; she felt this with a burning brow in the midst of her agony at losing him at all. But even as this feeling was strong, this agony stricken her, she resolved that she would stake no sign of her sorrow, for the sake of sparing those whose only joy was in her.

"Give me a little bit of the brown, papa? Thank you, that's just the bit I wanted." Theo said trembly. Then she eat her bit of brown meat reluctantly, with apparent appetite, though the eating it at all was a terrible task.

"I dare say Mr. French will call on you in town," Mrs. Leigh remarked, presently. "He said so much last night about the kindness we had shown him; it's little enough, I'm sure, after all, but I don't think he's one to forget even trifling kindness."

"I don't think he is," Theo replied; she would not shirk the subject, but had she not been placed with her back to the light they would have seen that, steady as were the words, the lips that uttered them were quivering.

"French seems to have known many of the men I know in Greece; it's odd I can't recall his name at all," Mr. Leigh observed, thoughtfully, after a short pause. "There was a young Englishman whose name,—by-the-bye, what was his name? I shall forget my own next,—who joined the expedition in a casual sort of way; but I never met him, and I remember now his name was Dingley, so it couldn't have been French."

"Mr. French"—her tongue felt as if it had a mountain of sin upon it as she said his name—"must have been too young for you to think about in those days, papa; being a young man yourself, I have no doubt that you despised him."

"We must have come athwart one another too," her father rejoined, "for he was speaking last night of Marvordato and Church,—speaking of things that occurred in connection with them at the very time I was with them; odd I shouldn't remember his name."

"Very odd indeed," Theo thought, considering what a spell that name held for her, but she said nothing. Determined as she was not to shirk the subject, she was not capable yet of being an active agent in its continuation.

In the afternoon of that same day, while a consultation was being held as to the proper position which the friars were to occupy upon the blue muslin dress and mantle, Mrs. Leigh returned to the charge, and Theo was nearly asking for quarter.

"Do you know, Theo, I really can't help thinking it somewhat extraordinary that Mr. French should have gone off in that way."

"In what way, mamma?"

"Without coming near us to say good-bye; does you?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do; he has plenty of external polish, but if he were as innately gentlemanly and refined as he appears he would not so palpably pick up and drop people just to suit his own convenience."

Theo winced, but said nothing.

"And (it was absurd in a man of his age—for a child like yourself of course,) but I did think he admired you, Theo."

"Oh, mamma!"

"I did really; and I'm not like some mothers: I don't fancy that there is something directly a man looks at my daughter."

"No, mamma."

"But I suppose I was mistaken, otherwise he wouldn't have gone off in that manner; and I'm glad, as I was mistaken, that I didn't say anything to you about it while he remained."

"So am I, very glad."

"And I do think that it was very impolite of him to go away without saying good-bye to us: a child, how you're trembling!"

"Yes, ma. I have just got a wretched prick; the needle has slipped under my nail. Ah—ah!" (impatiently) "I can't work any more; I'll go and get papa to go down on the march with me."

So she went out and secured her father's company in that her first visit after Harold French's departure to the spot on which he had made love manifest trifles. For about nine days there was no mending sentimentality; she was rewarded upon obtaining from the luxury of making these fancies stored and private.

But still it was hard to walk there and be all a daughter, nothing more, so soon, so very soon! She did it, however, with how much pain and difficulty may not be known, since she never told, and even with the brightness of that opportunity to London, which now she would rather have had than have been compelled to pay.

Through all the intervening days she kept up with that poor creature which this kind of trial is almost sure to develop in a poor woman's heart. Her countenance often nearly broke her heart, and every a kindly word all but over-powered her. But she was strong, and young,

and generous, and would rather be broken down and overpowered before those who would most surely have gripped to see her so.

Harold French had been very tender to her—tender in a way that no very young man would be; and the remembrance of this tenderness would come upon her with a fresh consciousness, but never before others. It was only when the girl was alone that she bent before the memory of it, and blushed and turned pale in quick succession at the thought of how warmly he had seemed to love, and how well he had deserved her.

But other others, though, she would neither repine nor repeat: there "would have been weakness in doing either," she told herself; besides, repining and repentance on her part might have paved the way to others blaming him—her love, her count, her violated Vanwyck. There had been miserable misapprehension of his meaning on her part, or fault-accusation on his; she could not bear that consciousness should abide on either. She suffered in silence and would not permit her appetite to flag; in which last there was, I think, the truest hardness, it being an awful thing to eat when one is ill in mind or body; and an equally awful thing for all such as dwelt in the tents with one to witness the daily humiliating disqualification to do so.

So she ate and drank and made money in the old way, and was to all outward seeming the same. Then she had been before this stranger, same, and new, and loved, and left her. But her father's frequent assertion, that she "was like a young bear, in that all her troubles were before her," grated harshly on her ears now. She knew that a something was gone from her mind which could never come back to it; a blot made on the surface of her life which no after happiness could eradicate.

She did not return to the task of solving the problem of his enforced semi-declaratory and sudden exit from the scene. There was a something which had prevented that consciousness which he had taught her to desire, but what that something was, God knew—she did not question. The result would be just the same; the cause was of little worth in comparison. That there had been something insurmountable she did not doubt; for she did not degrade her love and insult her own heart by desiring that it had been sought, gained, and rejected as a summer day's pastime by a motiveless trifler.

It was a sharp, deep cut that she had received; but she resolutely covered it up and kept the air of observation from it, and would not suffer it to fester. Sharp and deep as it was, it was a healthy wound, and she knew that it would heal perfectly in time, and leave no pain even though a scar remained.

While the wound was young, and before the efficacy of this mode of treatment could be said to be ascertained, the day of departure arrived, and Theo Leigh went up to London with her father without so much as a hope now of even holding intercourse with his cousin, for the charming Mrs. Galton had made no sign.

(to be continued.)

**PLUCK.**—There is a man in Malacca, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he had the spirit of a man remaining, he would peep on such occasions!

**PLUCK.**—A Persian poet gives the following instructions upon this important subject:—"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldn't she straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

**PLUCK.**—It is reported that in the new state of Nevada, beneath a thin covering of refuse saline matter, for a depth of fourteen feet, pure rock salt is found as clear as ice, and "as white as the driven snow." Beneath there is water, which seems to be filtered through salt to an unknown depth. The whole of the fourteen feet in thickness does not contain a single streak of any deleterious matter or rubbish, and is ready for quarrying and sending to market. The locality is one hundred miles west of Reno River.

**PLUCK.**—The style is now to comb the hair back upon the top of the head, a fashion said to owe its origin to the growing boldness of the Empress Eugenie. We suppose if she is forced at last to wear a wig, the ladies will shave their heads, and follow suit!

**PLUCK.**—According to several French papers a new club, to be called the "Silent Club," is about to be established in Paris. The members may eat, drink, read, write, or smoke, but they must not speak, nor wear cracking boots, nor play at dominoes, nor "rattle the bones," nor, in short, make any noise whatever. The floors will be covered with thick carpets, and the doors will open and shut without a sound.

**PLUCK.**—A post who was engaged in examining the various "waterfalls" that adorn the heads of the ladies, has now perpetrated the following:

"Such curls as those your sister wears, How many maids have prayed for, Now, candidly, are they her own?"

"Oh, yes, they're hers—and paid for."

**PLUCK.**—The longer the present war lasts, the more public opinion begins to settle down to the belief that it will by no means be a short one.

**PLUCK.**—There is not a town in England where some chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum; and it is asserted by a wholesale druggist that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousands pounds weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declares that the demand sprung up shortly after the introduction of opium, and that it would be found to vary everywhere, in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.

**PLUCK.**—A lady who visited the "contraband camp," at Norfolk, recently, was astonished to find the name of every boy baby in the camp to be uniformly "Abraham." In one group were no less than nine children all honored with the same appellation.

**PLUCK.**—EVIA THE BANK.—Some twenty years ago, the world congratulated itself that the temple of Janus was again closed. A World's Peace Convention met in London. We thanked God that we were not as our fathers, and their fathers for the better part of six thousand years. We have learned one lesson—that nature, poor human nature, is ever the same, and we may get more decided lessons on that head yet.

**PLUCK.**—An iron letter has just been sent by mail from Pittsburg, Pa., to England. The iron was rolled so thin that the sheet was only twice the weight of a similar sized sheet of ordinary note paper. It is supposed to be the thinnest iron ever rolled in the world, and was manufactured by the Elgin Iron Works.

**PLUCK.**—It is a great mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the flood, and they've been wrong several times since.

**PLUCK.**—A responsible physician being applied for something to produce an appetite, gave it done for that purpose, which had such a powerful effect that the patient immediately recovered the doctor's wheel.

**PLUCK.**—**Trifling of Gold.**

It is a nice and curious inquiry how far it is desirable, or even tolerable, for the people to talk of themselves. There is no broader distinction between man and man than the manner and the degree in which this is done. There are people who never talk of themselves. There are others who talk only of themselves, and families who never get farther from themselves than one another.

These are probably the dullest people and dullest families of our acquaintance; for, when we come to think of it, all prominent dullness has a touch of egotism at bottom, and this is the point that tells.

It is the part we have to play in their company that exposes us both to the time and to recollection. Not only is their intelligence chained to themselves, but ours, also. All interchange and variety of thought are impossible, not only because they are heavy, unimaginative sorts of people, whose flights are circumscribed to their own purposes, but because their one subject is precisely that on which we can neither speak our own mind nor satisfy expectation.

We could discuss the man-merry enough behind his back; but to be forced to follow his lead, too polite to be candid, yet full of inward revolt, is a false position, and the inevitable subversion leaves a flavor of annoyance and failure which intercourses, with more dryness and insipidity, cannot be charged with.

We all know men and women tormented, as a string whose length we instinctively measure, to themselves. Every subject under the sun reminds such people of themselves. Nothing is too remote for this alliance; they cannot hear of the stars without wanting their own telescopes. Their sole notion of conversation is to display themselves. They are ready to unveil their whole idiosyncrasy to whoever will look and listen. Their loves, and hates, and prospects, are at anybody's service. Their experiences, successes, every fine thing ever said to them or of them, are common property. The whole world is their confessor in the matter of their faults, temptations, whims, grievances, doubts and weaknesses. They expect to interest strangers by an avowal of their joys in meats, and drinks, and clothes. They confide their diseases and their remedies, their personal habits, their affairs to any chance comer, never, for a moment, visited by the misgiving pressed upon him by the preacher.

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**PLUCK.**—The world is other under or incapable of nurture, or they suffer the want of certain whole-some restraints that keep the rest of the world in order. Miss Austen, whom few forms of social folly escaped, has more than one character representing this habit of mind, and revealing its source. Every reader can recall that elaborate and imitative impersonation of self-display, Mrs. Elton, who, once received into the memory, has too many counterparts in real life ever to be forgotten.

**PLUCK.**—Love is not ripened in one day, nor in many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed it must rest in that faith in the Divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true it must be eternal as God himself.

**PLUCK.**—The latest production of American inventive genius is a "moustache spoon," specially designed to enable moustache gentlemen to eat soup without soiling their hairy honors. This mysterious spoon has a bridge over the centre, which supports the moustache in its passage over the savory food. The bridge may be made permanent or removable, and can be attached in a few minutes and by any common mechanical device. What next?

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**PLUCK.**—We have learned one lesson—that nature, poor human nature, is ever the same, and we may get more decided lessons on that head yet.

**PLUCK.**—"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leopold, who has a collection of animals, of his friend Beetlejack.

"No, I haven't. When did your black-faced antelope stop with?"

**PLUCK.**—Never more, trouble half way, but let man have the whole walk for his part. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

### A COON UNDER THE CRINOLINE.

We witnessed an interesting incident on one of our suburban streets, last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up in the highest style of the millionaire's art, and arrayed in all the glory of five-dollar-a-yard silk, a twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was merrily skipping along in the direction of the Fair Ground, while just behind a little boy was leading a poor coon.

A countryman in a brown slouched hat and a heavy wooley "warmer," came along followed by a "yallid" dog, whose nose was snarled diagonally, transversely and laterally with the marks of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the racoon family. "Tig" no sooner saw the ring-tailed representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a series bark. "Cooney" comprehended the situation at a glance, bolted instinctively, and sought a sanctuary beneath the ample circumference of the young lady's crinoline.

The young lady screamed, while the dog made rapid circles, snuffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog had retired. Finally the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place, and the young lady went her way with the lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation. As for the coon, he was instantly killed.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

### EDWARD IRVING ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

Who studies as I have done, and reflects as I have sought to reflect, upon the first twelve months of a child; whose had such a child to look and reflect upon as the Lord, for fifteen months, did bless me with (whom I would not recall, if a wish could recall him, from the enjoyment and service of our dear Lord), will rather marvel how the growth of that wonderful creature, which put forth such a wonderful bud of being, should come to be so cloaked by the flesh, cramped by the world, and cut short by Satan,



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

January 7, 1868.

## THE ADLER.

## ADLERIA.

A Dismal Story.  
The following, however, should be noted in the telegraph to living:

In a little resort on Long Island Sound, not far from the eastern, resides an old man, who, from his own narrative, is of 80 years, by land and land, if collected and published, would furnish the history of man's travel without. Here is a story of his, for a sample—

"It's sixteen to thirty years ago that I was coming down the Sound in the old ship Sally; 'twas summer time, and the wind was in southward. All at once the wind died away, and it commenced striking up to northward and westward. I had an idea that we was goin' to have a thunder squall, and took in sail and waited for it. By-and-by here it comes, feather white, as far as you could see; and such thunder and lightning and rain as I guess was never seen before in these latitudes. The mate was at the helm, and I was standing at the companion-way, the lightning striking all around the ship, when, suddenly, over a big fall, I got a curious feeling—a cold chill, like I had swallowed quicksilver, comes over me. I got down below as soon as I could, and feeling mighty weak, I can tell you! The spell soon passed over, and I did all right, except an uncomfortable feeling about my feet. I went out for the cook, who pulled off my boots, and, strange to say, although it is the truth, I turned out of each one right on to a pair of the water's fluid."

### Anecdote of Charles Keen.

Blackwood gives the following of the famous English actor:

"I remember an anecdote of a fellow-actor, and my memory helped me to some accommodation. It was during one of Charles Keen's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York magnates. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Keen. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impetuosity of manner, said—

"I saw you in Richard last night."

"Keen, feeling, not ungraciously, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed.

"Yes, sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone, "I have seen your father in Richard, and I have seen the last Mr. Cook"—another pause, in which Charles Keen's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher.

"Yes, sir; Cook, sir, was better than your father, and your father, sir, a long way better than you."

"Dress or Mrs. Rast."—About the drolliest man alive is a chap now in Chicago, well known in Northern Vermont by the name of "Tim Wait." Say what you might to Tim, he was always ready with a repartee, and a good one. On one occasion he came into a hotel in Burlington, looking rather jaded and down in the mouth.

"What's the matter, Tim?" said one of the company. "You look rather the worse for wear."

"Why, you see," said Tim, "I haven't slept a wink for three nights—last night, to-night, and to-morrow night."

Having left the bar-room in a roar, Tim went to make up his loss by a triple snooze.

At the funeral of the lamented Harrison, in New York, a soft, wet snow-storm set in, which very soon lightened up the dismal aspect of the procession. At a halt in the military and civic cavalcade, which moved mournfully on in all the solemn drapery of a nation's woe, one of the citizen mourners took off his new hat, and wiping off the snow, with the greatest gravity and some emotion remarked, "This is too bad! My new hat will be entirely spoiled; and all for turning out at Harrison's funeral! I almost wish he hadn't died!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

The play of Julius Caesar was going on at one of the New York theatres on Friday week, when the alarm of fire at the Lafayette House took place, at that time in the play when Caesar's wife is entreating him not to go to the Senate that day, one frightened old gentleman exclaimed, "Why does not somebody come out and tell us what is the matter?" A voice from the gallery answered, "Sit down, dad; go on Mrs. Caesar." This speech caused a laugh, and did more than anything else to restore composure.

"Josh Billings, in the Troy *News*, gives us weekly scintillations of the ripest wisdom. The jest is in the form of advice to a young lady as to how she shall receive a proposal—"You ought to take it kind, looking down hill with an expression about half tickled and half scared. After the pop is over, if your lover wants to kiss you, don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind or take it own course. There is one thing I have always stuck to, and that is, give me long courtships and short engagements."

"An Irishman who had just returned from Italy where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen: "Yes, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear you and the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's witty reply.

### Signification of Names.

Mary, Maria, Marie (French), signifies exalted—according to some, Mary means lady of the seas; Martha, interpreted, is hittress; Isobel, signified lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-hailed; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all faithful; Ellen, originally the Greek Helen, changed by the Latins into Helen, signifies alluring, though, according to Greek authors, it means one who pleases. The interpretation of Caroline is legal; that of Charlotte is a queen; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, a laurel; Edith, joyous! Oliva, peace; Phoebe, light of light; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Satty, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amalia and Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Margaret, a pearl; Rosalie, plump; Pauline, a little girl; Hannah, Anna, Annie, Ann and Nancy, all of which are the same original name, interpreted, as the name of God; Jane signifies simplicity, innocence, virtue; Lucy, brightness of moonlight; Catherine, power; Frances, a flower; Elizabeth; Agnes, clever, diligent, modest.

"There! you're getting on famously; you'll soon be a 'rover.'"

"I never wish to 'rove' again," sighs the smitten Croquettier.

All this is according to rule; but how suggestive! By all means let us have the "maltes" and "rings," the blonde and blue balls, and the Venus-rolled turf. Croquet is the best bus-hunting game yet invented.

"Two cups of Indian meal, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt, one pint of sour milk; one tablespoonful of salveatum. Take in rings or pot about twenty minutes. Very light and nice."



OH, HOW ARTFUL!

WINK.—"Whenever I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George we must cleaning house to-day; and then I see nothing of him till midnight."

### Irving and the Shoemaker.

"A certain shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman, of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon his visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen shrug of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made a deprecating curtesy in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over, is attributed by some tellers of the story to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part; but, by others, to plot and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patient leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work; but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and pretense of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do ye ken about leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly on that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and to lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigor after this, till finally the recumbent three drew down their arms. "Oo, you're a decent kind of fellow! Do you preach?" said the vanquished, curious to know more of his victor. The advantage was decisively, but not too hotly, passed; and on the following Sunday the rebel made a shy, defiant, appearance at church. Next day Irving encountered him in the savory Gallegato, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken, sedentary workman, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforth went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "blacks" so dear to the heart of every Scotchman, and became a church-goer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence, and concealment of all deep feeling in the self-exuding pretence—"He's a sensible man yon; he kens about leather."

### A Hint to Managing Mammans.

The fashionable game of Croquet has not yet made much headway in this country; but it is as conducive to matrimony as some of the transatlantic periodicals would have us believe, it ought to be patronized by all managing mammans with marriageable daughters. One enthusiastic writer, who hints that he was *croqueted* into matrimony, declares that the award of the croquet ground is "rolled by Venus, kept green and tidy by the Graces, and set with rings by Hymen himself." "I protest," says he, "that 'mantrap' ought to be written up logically over every such place of amusement; or, 'whoever enters here leaves celibacy behind.' He further avers that for an eligible male person to venture into one of those enchanted, or, rather, enchanting enclosures, is more dangerous than to walk unvaccinated into a small-pox hospital. This being the case, we are surprised that Croquetry is not (like *croquet*) popular with the 'beauty and fashion' of America.

Such delightful technical conversations as the following are said to occur frequently in the course of the game:—

"Shall we go on together?" inquires the lady.

"Yes, together, always together!" murmurs the gentleman.

"Shall I put you through your ring?"

"Ah, yes; let one ring serve for both, Aristotle."

Whereat she makes a "falling stroke" and adds:

"There! you're getting on famously; you'll soon be a 'rover.'"

"I never wish to 'rove' again," sighs the smitten Croquettier.

All this is according to rule; but how suggestive!

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"Two cups of Indian meal, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt,

one pint of sour milk; one tablespoonful of salveatum.

Take in rings or pot about twenty minutes.

Very light and nice."

CURE FOR POISON IVY.—I have twice cured myself when poisoned with ivy, by immersing the poisoned parts in soft soap for thirty minutes. The first time I tried this I merely put my foot in the soap because it made them feel better. The second time, it being on my hands, I put them in soap to cure them, and it did it.—E. D. W.

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